BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD

TOZER

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BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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Note to the Second Edition.

Since this book was published I have read the German notes in August Mommsen's valuable edition of Childe Harold, which appeared, I believe, a few months before my own. In deference to Herr Mommsen's judgment I have altered my notes on four passages, viz. 1. 241, 3. 878, 3. 1018, *and* 4. 1222; *and I have borrowed from him a few references to other poets, whom Byron seems to have laid under contribution. I desire also to tender my best thanks to several friendly critics, who have furnished me with corrections and suggestions for a new edition.*

H. F. T.

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in London, in the year preceding the French Revolution, on the 22nd of January, 1788. His family was of ancient lineage, having come over to England with William the Conqueror; and of this he was proud, for throughout life he spoke of himself as an aristocrat. In his parents he was unfortunate. His father, Captain Byron, though an attractive man, was a spendthrift, and died in France when his child was three years old, after having run through his own and most of his wife's fortune. By a previous marriage he had had one daughter, Augusta Byron, afterwards Mrs. Leigh; and to this half-sister the poet became greatly attached, so that she exercised a greater influence over him for good than any other person. His mother, a Scotch lady, had a passionate and hysterical nature, and these qualities were inherited in large measure by her son. Her treatment of him as a child was injudicious, alternating between over-indulgence and violent reproaches, the latter of which even took the form of jibes at his lameness. This defect—for from his birth he was lame of his right foot—was a continual source of mortification to him, since it marred his appearance, which, when he was grown up, was allowed on all hands to be remarkably handsome. Owing to her straitened circumstances, his mother lived during the greater part of his childhood in seclusion at Aberdeen, and it was to his familiarity with the coast and mountains of Scotland during this period that he owed the love of natural scenery which is so apparent in his poems. At ten years of age, by the death of his grand-uncle, he became Lord Byron, and the pos-

sessor of Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, but the estate had been so impoverished by the extravagance of the last owner that it was impossible for him to live there. When he was thirteen he was sent to Harrow School, at which place of education he was the exact contemporary of the famous statesman Sir Robert Peel. He remained there from 1801 to 1805, and though during the early part of his school life he was unhappy and unpopular, he afterwards spoke of the later portion of it as a time of great enjoyment; for the head master, Dr. Drury, he conceived a strong regard, and his attachment to his schoolfellows was characterised by an almost extravagant warmth of feeling. His reading at this time was discursive, and, for a boy, extraordinarily extensive, but he never applied himself to the studies of the place, and the mode of teaching then in vogue inspired him with that strong dislike of some of the classics to which he has given vent in his stanzas on Horace in Canto 4. of 'Childe Harold.' That he had his moments of meditation is shown by a tomb under a spreading elm-tree in the churchyard, which is associated with his name, as having been the place where he used to rest and muse during his vacant hours. From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge; but his life there was at no time studious, as far as the teaching of the University was concerned; and the latter part of it was extremely dissipated.

During this early period of the poet's life two circumstances occurred which exercised a great influence on his future development. The first of these was a deep, but unrequited, attachment. At fifteen years of age he fell in love with the heiress of a family whose estates were contiguous to Newstead, Miss Chaworth, and in her his youthful imagination seemed to have found the ideal of womanly perfection. She did not, however, return his affection—indeed, she was already attached to another—but the feeling which was thus awakened increased the natural melancholy of his disposition, and clung to him throughout a great part of his life. This he subsequently commemorated in one of the most pathetic of his poems, 'The

Dream.' The other circumstance was the publication of his first volume of poems, and the criticism which it received. In 1807, while he was still at Cambridge, his 'Hours of Idleness' appeared, and in the spring of the following year it was attacked in a critique of merciless severity by the 'Edinburgh Review.' Of the book itself it may fairly be said that, though its contents were of average merit, yet they furnished but slight evidence that the writer was a man of genius: indeed, up to this time Byron's powers had lain concealed, and it was reserved for this act of hostility to call them forth. Stung to the quick by this harsh treatment, he determined at once to take his revenge, and to reveal the ability which he was conscious of possessing. The deliberation with which he set about this is a proof that he felt how much was at stake. A whole year was spent in the preparation of a reply, which was published early in 1809 under the title of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' In this clever but ill-natured satire he turned the tables on his assailants, and at the same time made a general onslaught on the poets, great and small, of the period. Its ability was at once recognised, but the writer soon repented of his scathing criticisms of his contemporaries, and at a later time frankly acknowledged their injustice, and even forbade the republication of the poem.

Having thus asserted his right to be heard in opposition to those who would have consigned him to oblivion, the young poet, devoured by spleen, embittered by disappointed love and by the reception accorded to his first attempt at poetry, and disgusted with a licentious life, which now had begun to pall upon him, left England for a prolonged journey in foreign countries, in company with one of his college friends, John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton. Proceeding by sea to Lisbon, the two travellers rode through part of Portugal and Spain, by Seville and Cadiz, to Gibraltar, and from that place took ship for Malta and the coast of Albania. That country was at this time ruled by Ali Pasha, who had made himself a semi-independent potentate, and the story of their visit to his palace at Tepelen has been recorded in verse by Byron, and in prose by Hobhouse

in his 'Travels in Albania' After this they journeyed through Epirus and Acarnania to Mesolonghi, which was destined many years afterwards to be the scene of the poet's death, and thence by way of Delphi to Athens. After a prolonged stay in that city they continued their voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople. Here the companions separated, for Hobhouse returned to England, while Byron continued to reside for nearly a year longer in Greece, making Athens his principal headquarters, but frequently engaged in excursions in the Morea. At length, after an absence of two years, he returned to England in July, 1811. Shortly after his arrival he was plunged into profound melancholy by hearing of the loss, either before or shortly after that time, of three of his most intimate school or college friends, and of his mother, whose death, notwithstanding the differences which there had been between them, affected him deeply.

Among the fruits of these wanderings which Byron had brought back with him, were the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold.' These were partly composed while journeying in Greece, partly during his residence at Athens and Smyrna, and embodied his impressions of travel in Spain, Albania, and Greece. His poetic nature was one which required the aid of favouring circumstances to call it forth, and this he had found in the change and the suggestiveness of this period, and still more in its solitude, which gave him ample time for reflection. He seemed himself to be unaware of the merit of what he had produced, and spoke of his poem to one of his literary advisers as 'a lot of Spenserian stanzas, not worth troubling you with.' His own inclination was in favour of publishing his 'Hints from Horace,' an adaptation of the *Ars Poetica*, which ultimately did not see the light until after the poet's death; but he was over-persuaded by his friends, and in February, 1812, the first instalment of 'Childe Harold' appeared in print. It was received with a burst of enthusiasm. Sir Walter Scott declared that for more than a century no work had produced a greater effect. The author himself remarked—'I awoke one morning and found myself famous.' In a moment he had reached the

highest pinnacle of poetic renown: his name was in everybody's mouth; he became the idol of fashionable society; men of rank and distinguished authors were equally anxious for his acquaintance. To us at the present day this estimate of the work appears extravagant; though, when we consider that this poem, with its new and elaborate style fully developed, was the work of a youth of twenty-two years of age, we cannot help regarding it as an extraordinary product of genius. But at the time of its publication there were special reasons for its success. Independently of such adventitious causes as the rank of the writer, his handsome and interesting appearance, and the enterprising character of his journey, at a time when protracted foreign tours were less common than they are at the present day, the places which he celebrated were at that moment prominently in men's thoughts, especially Spain, in connection with the Peninsular War, in which England was then engaged.

The immediate result of this popularity to Byron himself was that he was plunged once more into a vortex of dissipation. It was the time of the Regency, when the life of the fashionable world in London was corrupt to a degree unparalleled since the days of Charles II. During the next three years, in the intervals of gaiety, he composed his Eastern tales—the 'Giaour,' the 'Bride of Abydos,' the 'Corsair,' and others. At the expiration of this period an event occurred, which became the turning-point of his life. On the 2nd of January, 1815, he was married to Miss Isabella Milbanke, an attractive and accomplished lady, of good family. In the case of a person of wayward fancies and strong passions, such as Byron was, marriage was certain, under any circumstances, to be precarious; and though for the first six months the union to all appearance was a happy one, yet after that time, owing to pecuniary embarrassments and other causes which tried the poet's temper, he treated his wife with great unkindness. At the expiration of a year she bore him a daughter, Ada, and not long afterwards she left him, never to return. What was the immediate cause of this step, was at the time, and still remains, a mystery; but there can be

no question that Byron was greatly in fault. The punishment, however, which fell upon him, was out of all proportion to his deserts. His enemies had found their opportunity, and used it to the utmost against him. Though he was justified in saying at a later time that he had never been arrogant in his prosperity ('Childe Harold,' 4. 1175), yet a feeling of ill-will towards him had steadily been growing among various classes of persons, and this now made itself felt. The poets whom he had satirised; those whose envy had been aroused by his success as a writer, and as a man of the world; the ordinary English gentlemen, who were offended by his eccentricities—for he rarely ate meat, and disliked field sports; those who disapproved of his politics—for he had lampooned the Prince Regent—and of the religious scepticism which appeared in his poem; all with one accord raised their voices to denounce him. The most scandalous charges were preferred and believed without proof against him; and the votaries of fashion, who had the least right to cast stones at others, were the loudest in their outcry. Within a few weeks he became almost an outcast from society. His former acquaintances avoided and refused to recognise him; his house was deserted, and those who before had courted him now ceased to invite him; he was denounced in print by journalists; and at last he was followed by expressions of popular ill-will in the public streets. He himself described his position in the following words:—'I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me.' Accordingly, on the 25th of April, 1816, he quitted his native country for ever.

Agitated by mixed feelings of indignation and self-reproach, Byron once more endeavoured to divert his thoughts by travel, and betook himself first to Brussels, from which place he visited the field of Waterloo, where the battle had been fought less than a year before. Then, leisurely journeying along the banks of the Rhine, he reached Switzerland, and established himself for the summer in a villa not far from Geneva on the shores of the lake, in the immediate neighbourhood of one then occupied

by Shelley. At this period the two poets were much in one another's company, and the influence of Shelley's idealism is perceptible here and there in the poetry which Byron now composed. On one occasion they made a boat expedition together round the lake, of which both of them have left descriptions: in the course of this they were nearly lost in a violent storm off Meillerie, on the southern shore, near the head of the lake. By the end of June of this year Byron had completed the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' which embodies the feelings and impressions of this time. It is a proof of the need of some external stimulus to call out the poet's powers, that, whereas shortly before leaving England he had declared that his genius was exhausted, together with the Eastern subjects on which he had been engaged, a renewal of the same circumstances which had first evoked his highest poetry—solitude, change of scene, and fresh impressions—now caused it to spring forth anew, though in a more tumultuous form. We are told that at the time of its publication many persons thought that this canto did not reach the level of the preceding ones, and this opinion is not difficult to explain. There is no doubt that it is far superior; the political and biographical sketches which it contains deal with subjects of higher interest, and show greater maturity of judgment; the view of external nature is loftier and more comprehensive, in proportion as the Alps are grander than other mountains; and a force and rush pervades it which are not found in the previous portions of the poem. But it is quite intelligible that those who were accustomed to the stately grace of its predecessors should have felt that there was something lacking in it, and should have been only half satisfied with its more irregular movement and less even rhythm.

In the following autumn, shortly after Shelley's departure for England, Byron was joined by his old fellow-traveller Hobhouse, and in his company made a tour in the Oberland, which furnished him with ideas for his first drama, 'Manfred.' In the middle of October they crossed over into Italy and proceeded to Venice, which city the poet made his headquarters for the

next three years; his life during that period was such as to give countenance to some of the worst imputations of his enemies. During the spring of the year following his arrival he spent six weeks in visiting the principal Italian cities and places renowned from poetic or historical recollections, including Arquà, the burial-place of Petrarch; Ferrara, with its memories of Tasso; Florence, and Rome. This journey furnished the material for the fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold,' which he wrote immediately on his return to Venice. This last portion of the poem is far longer than any of the others, and is usually regarded as the finest, since it combines notices of important persons and events in the ancient and mediaeval history of the country, descriptions of famous and beautiful scenes, and of renowned buildings and works of art, all wrought into the web of magnificent poetry. Byron continued to live in Italy until the middle of the year 1823, residing chiefly, after he left Venice, at Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa. During these years he was mainly occupied in composing his dramas, and in writing 'Don Juan.'

The political condition of Italy at this period, with its numerous petty states despotically governed, and Lombardy and Venetia in the hands of the Austrians, was such as to rouse the indignation of a lover of freedom, like Byron; and he longed to see the country one and undivided, in accordance with the aspirations of Italian patriots from the days of Dante and Petrarch onwards. By way of giving a practical direction to these ideas, he associated himself with some of the revolutionary societies which were then secretly conspiring for the overthrow of the existing order of things. But in 1821 an event occurred which turned his thoughts in a different direction. This was the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence, which naturally suggested to the poet the possibility of realising the dreams which had passed through his mind and found expression in his verse at the time of his first visit to that classic land. The progress made by that insurrection during the first two years seemed to give good promise of its ultimate

success; and accordingly, in July 1823, Byron sailed from Genoa for Greece, and after having spent some time in Cephalonia in order to make enquiries as to the state of affairs in the country, and having been joined by other adventurous spirits, he arrived in the middle of January at Mesolonghi in Aetolia, which he had visited in the course of his former journey. So great was his reputation, that it was felt both throughout Europe and in Greece itself that his presence materially aided the cause which he came to support. But he was not destined to take part in the liberation of the Greeks. At the end of three months from his arrival he was seized with fever, and expired at Mesolonghi on the 18th of April, 1824, at the age of 36 years. His body was transported from that place to England, and was buried in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall near Newstead. In that secluded spot repose the mortal remains of one 'whose dust was once all fire.'

HIS CHARACTER.

Byron's life is so intimately connected with his works, and especially with 'Childe Harold,' that it has been necessary to give the preceding brief sketch of it. For the same reason an estimate of his character is requisite, though the task of making it is one of great difficulty, owing to the different, and even opposite, elements of which it was composed. One of his companions on his last expedition, George Finlay, the future historian of mediaeval and modern Greece, who had ample opportunities of forming an opinion, since he passed almost every evening in the poet's company during two months that he remained at Mesolonghi, has described him in the following words: 'It seemed as if two different souls occupied his body alternately. One was feminine, and full of sympathy; the other masculine, characterised by clear judgment, and by a rare power of presenting for consideration those facts only which were required for forming a decision. When one arrived

the other departed. In company, his sympathetic soul was his tyrant. Alone, or with a single person, his masculine prudence displayed itself as his friend. No man could then arrange facts, investigate their causes, or examine their consequences, with more logical accuracy, or in a more practical spirit. Yet, in his most sagacious moment, the entrance of a third person would derange the order of his ideas,—judgment fled, and sympathy, generally laughing, took its place. Hence he appeared in his conduct extremely capricious, while in his opinions he had really great firmness[1].' The feminine cast of character which is here mentioned may be further traced in his sudden affections and dislikes, and in the hysterical fits of weeping to which he was subject; nor less in his fine sensibility and delicate appreciativeness. Thus, though his remarks on the female sex are generally unfavourable and sarcastic, yet no one has depicted more beautiful female ideals than Byron's 'Maid of Saragossa' (1. 558 foll.), or 'Julia Alpinula' (3. 626 foll.), or Zuleika in the 'Bride of Abydos,' or Myrrha in 'Sardanapalus.' On the other hand, the masculine element is traceable in his trenchant yet balanced estimates of such characters as Napoleon, Voltaire, and Rousseau in Canto 3; and it is worthy of remark, as a proof of his sound judgment, that his political aspirations have been fulfilled in the independence of Spain, the unity of Italy, and the freedom of Greece It showed itself also in that defiant spirit, which while it sustained him in the midst of crushing misfortunes, yet, being allied with extreme sensitiveness, destined him from the first to unhappiness.

In passing judgment on his moral character a similar inequality in the gifts which nature and fortune had bestowed upon him must be taken into account. Macaulay has remarked that every advantage which he possessed was counterbalanced by some corresponding defect. His blood was noble, but tainted by vicious propensities. His property was ancient, but so impoverished that he could not maintain it. His appearance

[1] Finlay's 'History of Greece,' vol. vi. p. 325.

was handsome, but combined with lameness. His disposition was attractive, but passionate, excessive, and hard to restrain. To this it must be added that his circumstances were beyond measure demoralising; for he was pursued by the temptations of fashionable life to a degree such as has fallen to the lot of few; and his sudden rise to the highest pinnacle of fame, followed by a fall as sudden in the midst of degrading infamy, was a change of fortune calculated to unhinge the strongest character. These considerations may serve to palliate the faults of Byron's life, but they cannot excuse them. He was no mere victim of circumstances. His whole history shows that he rarely denied himself the gratification of a desire, though well aware that it was culpable, if he thought it would furnish him pleasure. He said of himself, and said with justice, *video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor*. His most prominent vices were vanity, egotism, misanthropy, and licentiousness; but he was warm-hearted, courageous, sincere in his hatred of oppression, injustice, meanness, and hypocrisy, and chivalrous and capable of self-sacrifice in behalf of what he conceived to be a noble cause.

HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

A few words must be added on the subject of Byron's religious opinions, which are referred to in several places in the present poem. Throughout his life he was a constant reader of the Bible, and was interested in theological questions; but in his boyhood he imbibed sceptical views, and he must be said to have rejected Christianity as a divine revelation, though he admired the spirituality of its doctrines and the loftiness of its moral precepts. But he held fast to the belief in a personal God, as may be seen by such passages as—

Before the Chastener humbly let me bow: (2. 922)

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker: (4. 847)

Of that which is of all Creator and defence: (3. 841)

in which last passage, though the context has a pantheistic tone, yet the author's note shows that he is referring to the Supreme Being. On the doctrine of a future life his views varied at different times. Moore, his biographer, tells us that he once said, 'I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better'; and this change of opinion seems to have taken place between the composition of the earlier and later cantos of 'Childe Harold.' For whereas in Canto 2 he expresses himself sceptically on the subject, though his wishes incline in its favour; e.g.—

Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe? (2. 34)

If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children may aspire:
(2. 350, 351)

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore: (2. 64, 65)

Canto 3 he speaks with greater confidence—

And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just:
(3. 1011, 1012)

and still more strongly in Canto 4—

And thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face. (4. 1392–4)

The Calvinistic views which he imbibed in his childhood from a pious Scotch nurse inspired him with a gloomy view of religion, which clung to him through life. This appears in such passages as—

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be:
(3. 669, 670)

In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away. (4. 300–304)

HIS LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS.

Byron was essentially a poet, and lived, above all things, for and in his poetry. Hence the occurrences of his life, and everything that he felt and saw, were laid under contribution for poetic purposes. This accounts in part for his personality appearing so often in his works, and imparts to them a remarkable intensity. He was also, even beyond the rest of his contemporaries, a poet of the modern school. At first sight it is difficult to reconcile this with his admiration of Pope, who was the leading representative of the artificial style of the eighteenth century. That writer he regarded as the first of English poets, and he repeatedly condemned, not only Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, but even his friends Scott and Moore, and himself, as pursuing a wrong poetical system in departing from his rules of art. Possibly this enthusiasm may have arisen from his finding in Pope's verses a metrical exactness to which he never himself attained, and from the absence of any feeling of jealousy towards him, since Pope's poetry did not admit of comparison with his own. But we should not be far wrong in saying that Byron was in literature what he was also in politics—a revolutionary aristocrat; he was bound to the past by innumerable links, while he was engaged in breaking away from it. He admired and believed in the one school, but his nature carried him against his will irresistibly with the other. His fervent spirit and exuberant fancy did not admit of being restricted by rigid laws, and his love of nature was alien to conventional ideas and phraseology.

His vocabulary was extensive, so that, whatever the subject he treats of, he seldom fails to light on the most felicitous expression. This was the result of wide reading, aided by a very retentive memory. His rapidity in composition was astonishing: the 'Bride of Abydos' was written in four, the 'Corsair' in ten days; the third Canto of 'Childe Harold' in a few weeks; the fourth, in its original draft of 126 stanzas, in a

month. This, though partly the effect of impatience, was in some degree produced by deliberate judgment. He felt the need of an immediate stimulus, and feared lest his imagination should be chilled by delay. 'If I miss my first spring,' he said, 'I go grumbling back to my jungle again.' This gives his poetry the spontaneity of genius, and enables him to bring his whole force to bear on the idea that is before him; but it was impossible that one who wrote with such impetuosity should produce faultless verse. Hence arose that slovenliness which mars so many even of his finest passages by grammatical or metrical imperfections; when he did alter, he always altered for the better. He had little of the artist's love of form, and cared more for the thoughts which he desired to express than for the mould into which he cast them. At times Byron's crowding ideas hardly admitted of being arranged in perfectly melodious lines, and consequently these irregularities are much more noticeable in the later part of the poem—a point which will be examined in detail in the prefatory remarks to Canto 3. His ear, too, was wanting in refinement, though it would hardly be right to speak of it as bad, for in that case he could not have composed so many verses of exquisite beauty and sweetness, nor have produced that unstudied harmony of thought and rhythm which is conspicuous (for instance) in some of his stanzas on Greece in the second canto. It should also be remembered, that of the two elements of which rhythm is composed, movement and grace, Byron's poetry possesses the former in a remarkable degree. Still, after all allowance has been made on this score, it is clear that many of his verses could not have been written if he had really possessed a sensitive ear, and this defect is especially prominent in his dramas. The distinguishing quality of his poetry is the combination of force and tenderness which is found in it. In this respect no other English poet, except Shakspere and Milton, can compare with him.

As might be expected in one whose impressions were seized with such rapidity, it was rather the general features of external

nature than its details, by which he was affected. He did not muse upon it reflectively, as Wordsworth did, but reached its heart by the 'imagination penetrative.' His delight in nature seems to be too intense to allow of his analysing it minutely; the objects which he sees and his own feelings are fused together, and take shape in imaginative and metaphorical language. By this means, if he was debarred from one source of ideas of beauty, he was saved from the mistake of word-painting, which is an imperfect attempt to represent in words what the painter can delineate far better on his canvas. The nearest approach to this in 'Childe Harold' is the description of sunset on the banks of the Brenta (4. 235–261), a passage which is almost unique in the poem; and even this is prevented from being purely pictorial by the change from day to night being described progressively. On the other hand, in the magnificent lines on Terni (4. 613-648), though the scene is called up vividly before the mind's eye of the reader, the details are all kept in the background, and only emerge through a veil of similes and metaphors, which seem to invest the waterfall with human passions. And in his more ordinary descriptions of scenery the effect is usually given by broad strokes of the pencil or by the enumeration of salient features. Of the latter process the description of Cintra (1. 243–251) and that of the Rhine (3. 581–6) are prominent examples.

His Influence on Literature.

It is remarkable that the influence of Byron's poetry has been far greater on the Continent than it has been in England. No English poet, except Shakspere, has been so much read or so much admired by foreigners. His works, or parts of them, have been translated into many European languages, and numerous foreign writers have been affected by their ideas and style. The estimate that has been formed of them is extraordinarily high. Charles Nodier said: 'The appearance of Lord Byron in the field of European literature is one of those events the influence

of which is felt by all peoples and through all generations'; and his judgment in this respect by no means stands alone. The chief reason of this, independently of the splendour of his compositions, is to be found in his political opinions. Byron's poetry, like that of most of his English contemporaries—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Shelley—was the outcome of the French Revolution ; but whereas the three first-named of these poets, disgusted with the excesses of that movement, went over into the opposite camp, and the idealism of Shelley was too far removed from the sphere of practical politics to be a moving force, Byron became, almost unintentionally, the apostle of the principles which it represented. He has put on record (3. 774, 4. 865 foll.) his condemnation of its criminal extravagances ; but, when men had become weary of the strife between liberty run wild and absolutism reasserting itself, instead of preaching, as Goethe did, the doctrine of acquiescence in the existing order of things, and gradual development by culture, he stood forth as the poetic champion of freedom. The lines—

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind, (4. 874, 875)

struck a chord which vibrated in the hearts of thousands. Thus his writings became a political power throughout Europe, and more so on the Continent than in England, in proportion as the loss of liberty was more keenly felt by foreign nations. Wherever aspirations for independence arose, Byron's poems were read and admired.

'CHILDE HAROLD.'

'Childe Harold' is the greatest of Byron's works. He speaks of it himself, in the dedication prefixed to the fourth Canto, as 'the longest and the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions,' and this judgment he would hardly have recalled at a later time. Its style is rich, highly coloured, and full of metaphors, the result of a teeming fancy. In this lies its difficulty. Though the poet was very clear-headed, so that we

can always feel confident that he had a distinct notion of what he intended to express, yet it often requires careful study to reach the exact significance of his metaphorical language. The task of interpreting him is rendered still harder by his employing words in unusual meanings and applications, and by his condensed forms of expression, owing to which his transitions of thought are frequently perplexing. It is a poem which requires to be interpreted by itself, for comparatively little aid is furnished by a comparison of Byron's other works, in which different modes of expression prevail, owing to the difference of subject and metre. For this reason among others it has seemed worth while to append in the accompanying essay a summary of the leading features of its style.

Few poems of the same length are so sustained in interest as 'Childe Harold.' This arises partly from the mode of treatment, and partly from the subject itself. It contains elements drawn from all the different branches of poetry. Its continuity is epic, at least in the style of an episodical epic poem like the 'Odyssey,' or the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto. Its descriptions of scenery and sketches of life and manners are idyllic. A lyric element is contributed by its outbursts of personal feeling. Its rhetorical passages and soliloquies, and the introduction of a supposed auditor, and apostrophising the personages mentioned, are dramatic. The variety thus produced is further enhanced by the peculiar features of the different cantos; for these not only treat, as we have seen, of different countries—Spain, Greece, the Rhine and Switzerland, and Italy respectively - but the prevailing tone of sentiment is different in each of them, the first being melodramatic, the second pathetic, while the third treats of the romantic in nature, and the fourth of the romantic in history and art. This last remark, however, must be received with considerable limitations, for all these elements are found in some degree in every section of the poem.

'Childe Harold' is also an eminently suggestive poem, from the numerous subjects—topographical, historical, biographical, artistic, and literary—which it introduces, and places in the

most attractive light. Every point that is touched on is invested with romance. The lines—

> Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
> Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved; (2. 127, 128)

and

> Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
> Full flashes on the soul the light of ages, (3 1022, 1023)

should be dear to every student of the classics. The same thing is true of the descriptions of famous works of ancient art, such as the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoön, and of architecture, such as the Coliseum; and effects of scenery, various nationalities, like the Spaniards, Turks, and Albanians, and characters, whether literary, as Tasso and Gibbon, or historical, as Sulla and Napoleon, are presented to us, sketched by a masterly hand. In each case the reader is taught to approach the subject from its most interesting side, and the point of view which is suggested to him is at once so imaginative and so discriminating that it forms an excellent introduction to further enquiry.

On these grounds 'Childe Harold' may be strongly recommended as a subject of study for the young. It is also full of noble sentiments, and of enthusiasm for what is great and good, while its misanthropy, despondency, and scepticism are not of such a nature as to take root in a healthy mind. Nor in this poem is libertinism made a subject for jesting, or palliated, or depicted in bright colours, nor does a scoffing tone of ridicule prevail, as in 'Don Juan,' which for these reasons is such undesirable reading.

BYRON AND THE CHARACTER OF 'CHILDE HAROLD.'

At the time of the first appearance of the poem the question was much debated whether Byron's own character was represented in the person of Childe Harold. The public naturally believed that this was the case on account of the unmistakeable points of correspondence between them, while the author as vehemently denied it. We now know that in the original draft the title was 'Childe Burun,' that being the earliest form of the

poet's family name; but for all that he was probably keeping within the bounds of truth in his disavowal. The Childe was no doubt in the first instance a self-portraiture, but exaggerated, and darkened in its unfavourable traits, partly from Byron's love of notoriety even in what was evil, and partly from genuine disgust at his former life—a point which is especially noticeable in his mention of the Childe's unpopularity (1. 73), for this trait no one by preference parades before the world. But the character thus distorted was sufficiently different from the original for it to be possible for the writer to disclaim it. Thus what Emerson said of Socrates and Plato may equally well be said of Byron and Childe Harold—'They are the double star, which the most powerful instruments will not entirely separate.' In all probability, as the poem proceeded, the writer found that the personality he had thus introduced was serviceable to him as a central figure to which his experiences and observations might be attributed, and that his presence facilitated the transition from one subject to another, and prevented the too frequent use of description pure and simple. In the third Canto, though the poet and his creation are treated as distinct persons, yet they are clearly identified, for he represents Harold as the object of his sister's love, and the lines which Byron addressed to his sister Augusta—'The castled crag of Drachenfels, &c.' (3. 496 foll.) are put into his mouth. After that song the Childe is not mentioned again in that canto, and in Canto 4 he is only introduced towards the end to bid the reader farewell. In the dedication prefixed to that portion of the poem the author states that he had abandoned the attempt to draw the distinction because he found that it was unavailing.

The principal works which have been referred to in preparing this edition are Moore's 'Life of Byron' (1 vol. 1866), Jeaffreson's 'The Real Lord Byron,' Karl Elze's 'Life of Lord Byron,' Nichol's 'Byron,' Macaulay's 'Essay on Byron,' and Matthew Arnold's and Swinburne's Introductions to their 'Selections from Byron's Poems.' The poet's own notes have been used,

though they are too miscellaneous to be introduced into a book like the present; and also those added by the editor of Murray's one-volume edition of 1837; these latter contain much graceful criticism selected from the writings of earlier critics, and illustrative notices mainly derived from Byron's letters and diaries. For the verbal interpretation of the poem the only assistance which the present Editor has obtained has been from the foreign translations. Three of these he has constantly used—viz that in French prose by Pichot, that in Italian blank verse by Maffei, and that in German, in the metre of the original, by Gildemeister. All these are graceful, and are thoroughly agreeable reading, but they differ greatly from one another in respect of accuracy. Pichot's (which, it should be remarked, is the earliest in point of time) is seldom literal, and contains a large number of serious mistakes; that of Maffei keeps nearer to the original and is more correct; while Gildemeister's, which is a work of art of a high order, is singularly faithful, notwithstanding the elaborateness of the metre. As might be expected, it is in the most difficult passages that their help is most apt to fail; but even where they all differ from one another, and where, as sometimes happens, they all miss the mark, it is an assistance to the interpreter to see in what different ways a passage can be taken by men of intelligence and taste.

To promote facility of reference, the lines in each canto have been numbered independently of the stanzas, and this mode of reference has been employed throughout in the Introduction and Notes, when nothing is stated to the contrary.

The Editor's best thanks are due to Mr. John Murray, who with his accustomed liberality in such matters has allowed him to use the text of 'Childe Harold' as printed in his 'Pearl' edition of Byron's works (Lond. 1884), which was carefully revised. He also desires to acknowledge the kindness of various friends who have assisted him with suggestions and criticisms, especially the Rev. W. W. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, and the Rev. C. W. Boase, Fellow of Exeter College.

H. F. T.

ESSAY ON THE ART, STYLE, AND VERSIFICATION OF THE POEM.

(N.B.—*This will be referred to in the Notes as 'Essay on Style.'*)

As the diction of 'Childe Harold' is somewhat peculiar, and the poetic devices by which it is diversified are elaborate, an examination of the most salient points in the style and art employed in it may be of service, both in elucidating the poem itself, and in introducing the student to some of the characteristics of poetry in general. These may be conveniently arranged under the heads of (1) Features of style; (2) Figures of speech; (3) Grammatical irregularity; after which (4) the Versification, will be examined separately.

CONTENTS.

1. Features of Style.

a. Effect produced by contrast.

This point can only be superficially touched on, as it is a feature which pervades the poem.

(1) It can be traced in the arrangement of the subject in many parts; e.g. in the transition from the description of the gay life of a man-of-war to the poet's meditations on his own solitude (2. 199); or from the thunderstorm on the Lake of Geneva to the reappearance of 'the dewy morn' (3. 914); or from the graceful surroundings of the tranquil Clitumnus to the wild cascade of Terni (4. 613).

(2) Historical contrasts and changes of fortune are frequently dwelt upon, as might be expected from the pessimistic tendency of the poet's mind; e.g. in the comparison between the outward aspect and the political condition of Greece—

> Unchanged in all except its foreign lord; (2. 838)

or between Venice in her glory and in her slavery—

> An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;
> Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
> Clank over sceptred cities; (4. 101–3)

or in the gentler contrast between the field of Trasimene during the battle and its appearance at the present day (4. 577).

(3) Contrast is employed to heighten pathos, as in the description of 'summer's rain' falling on the ruined roofs of a fortress which had long withstood the 'iron shower' (3. 561). But the part of the poem which especially deserves study from this point of view is the entire passage about Waterloo; e.g. in the scenes at the ball at Brussels previous to that engagement (3. 181–198), and in such expressions as—

> Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
> Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
> In its next verdure: (239–241)

> The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover: (250, 251)

> The fresh green tree,
> Which living waves where thou didst cease to live. (265)

(4) Pictorial contrasts are introduced, as between the blazing fire and the calm bay in the night scene at Utraikey (2. 622); and between the shores of Spain and of Africa, seen, the one in light, the other in shadow, in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar (2. 190); and between the boiling waters of a cataract and the peaceful rainbow above it (4. 640).

(5) Finally, contrasts are frequently traceable in the expressions and words, as—

> Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great: (2. 694)
> Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame. (2. 839)

To this last category belong both the antithetical epithets and the uses of oxymoron, which are mentioned below (pp. 35 and 36).

b. **Dramatising the subject.**

In most of the great epic poems from Homer to Milton speeches have been introduced, by which means the poet is enabled to withdraw himself from view as narrator, and his characters assume something of the position of actors on a stage. In 'Childe Harold' these would have been out of place, but the writer aims at producing a similar result by other devices, which at the same time impart life and variety to the descriptions. Thus he is fond of rapidly changing the point of view, either by apostrophising the reader, and making him receive the impressions for himself, as in the description of St. Peter's at Rome—

> Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal; (4. 1387–1390)

or by addressing the actors in a scene; as in the Spanish bull-fight—

> Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear; (1. 757)

or the localities, as—

> Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey: (1. 612)
>
> Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love! (3. 923)

Sometimes, again, a supposed auditor is introduced, that the poet may impart to him his musings, as—

> Son of the morning, rise! approach you here! (2. 19)

Of the same nature is the illusion by which a sight or sound is gradually realised; as in the 'Caritas Romana'—

> There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
> What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
> Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight; (4. 1324-6)

and the sound of artillery before Waterloo—

> Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
> Or the car rattling o'er the stony street . . . .
> But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more. (3. 190 foll.)

c. **Methods of marking transition.**

'Childe Harold' makes no pretence to unity as a poem, and therefore possesses no artistic completeness. The bond which holds it together is the personality of the poet, and that has at all events the merit of being interesting. But much cleverness is shown in the various methods by which the episodes are linked together, and the transition is facilitated from one part of the subject to another.

Sometimes the 'Childe' is called upon to perform this office—

> But where is Harold? (2. 136.)
> Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along. (3. 460.)

Sometimes an exclamation marks the change, as, on leaving Lisbon for the interior of the country—'To horse! to horse!' (1. 324); on passing from Malta to Albania—'Away! nor let me loiter in my song' (2. 316); on reaching Waterloo—'Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!' (3. 145).

Occasionally an ingenious point of connection is discovered between two alien subjects; as, in returning from a digression on Parnassus to Spain, the maids of Delphi are compared to those of Andalusia (1. 648); and, in passing to the Rhine after speaking of Napoleon's ambition, the life of action is contrasted with the study of nature's works (3. 406). Especial skill is shown in this respect in the latter part of Canto 4, where the

sights of Rome are described without being reduced to the form of a catalogue; thus the Palatine leads on to the Forum; this suggests Rienzi; and when he is called 'a new-born Numa,' the mention of that king brings in by association the fountain of Egeria.

In some cases a sort of interlude is introduced; as the song of 'Tambourgi' between the subject of Albania and that of Greece (2. 649), and the description of sunset when leaving Venice to visit the other cities of Italy (4. 235).

d. **Personification, or Prosopopoeia.**

This is where abstract ideas, and the like, are invested with personal attributes, and have a living agency ascribed to them. Spenser is especially fond of elaborating such figures with much detail, so that one of them frequently occupies an entire stanza. It was probably in imitation of him that Byron introduced several personifications on a large scale into his first Canto, viz. that of the Demon of Folly at the Convention of Cintra (1. 290 foll.), that of Chivalry (1. 405-413), and that of Battle (1. 423-431). After a time, however, the poet seems either to have tired of these, or to have found them superfluous owing to the abundance of metaphorical language in his style, for they do not occur in the other cantos. But the simpler kind of personification is common throughout the poem, and is often very effective. The following are examples—

Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood: (1. 483)

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew: (1. 675, 676)

Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls; (1. 748, 749)

But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear: (2. 742)

Beneath these battlements, within those walls
Power dwelt amidst her passions: (3. 424, 425)

In his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath: (3. 792)

Where Courage falls in her despairing files: (4. 556)

And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator. (4. 1122)

e. **Idealised expressions for familiar objects or ideas.**

Byron is often happy in inventing such expressions, and by this means dignifying what is ordinary in itself. Thus with him a bee-hive is a 'fragrant fortress' (2. 823), a bird-cage a 'wiry dome' (3. 133), a bay window a 'window'd niche' (3. 199), a ship a 'winged sea-girt citadel' (2. 249), the discharge of a cannon-ball 'the smoke of blazing bolts' (1. 409), a dance 'a sound of revelry by night' (3. 181). Similarly, of the determined defenders of a castle it is said that they 'from their rocky hold Hurl their defiance far' (2. 422); and the suspicious seclusion of women in Turkey is expressed by 'those Houries whom ye scarce allow To taste the gale lest love should ride the wind' (1. 607).

f. **Similes.**

In respect of these there is a marked difference between the two first and the two last cantos. In Canto 1 there are no similes, for comparisons like—

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly, (1. 28, 29)

are almost too slight to be reckoned under this head, and those in Canto 2 are few and brief (151, 491); on the other hand, in Cantos 3 and 4 they are of frequent occurrence. Byron's similes are usually compressed into a small compass, like Dante's, not expanded in the style of Tasso and Spenser; and the concentration thus given is often extremely forcible; but here and there greater elaboration is introduced, as in—

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks.
(3. 289–292)

Compare 3. 129–135, and especially 4. 172–180, where the simile occupies an entire stanza. In such cases the details are rarely ornamental, but contain a further application of the comparison, as where the demoralising effect of prosperity on a nation, and its consequent downfall, are compared to the heat of the sun melting snow and causing an avalanche :

> Nations melt
> From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
> The sunshine for a while, and downward go
> Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt. (4. 103–6)

Byron's similes are drawn from a variety of sources, but mostly from objects of external nature—clouds, rocks, trees, animals, etc. Sometimes he illustrates the better-known by the less-known, or material by mental and spiritual phenomena —a process which is only occasionally admissible for the purpose of enhancing an effect; as when the steely surface of a lake is said to be 'calm as cherished Hate' (4. 1555), and the rainbow above a waterfall is compared to 'Love watching Madness with unalterable mien' (4. 648), and the precipices on either side of the Rhone valley are likened to—

> Lovers who have parted
> In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
> That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.
> (3. 879–881)

It rarely happens that he cumulates similes, i.e. uses more than one to illustrate the same point, a practice which is common in Milton ; but this also is sometimes found in 'Childe Harold,' as—

> Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
> With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
> Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously. (3. 394–6)

Compare 3. 280–8, where as many as six follow one another.

Here and there features which belong to the simile are attributed to that to which it is compared ; thus Byron says that Soracte—

> From out the plain
> Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
> And on the curl hangs pausing. (4. 667–9 ; cp. 1557)

His similes often lose their strict form and pass into metaphorical expressions, as where the lady of the harem is said to be 'tamed to her cage' (2. 544); and where the waters of the cataract are compared to souls in torment:

> The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet. (4. 617–620)

Where they are condensed into a single word they are called tropes, as—'nor *coin'd* my cheek to smiles.' (3. 1052)

It is hardly surprising in one who wrote rapidly and used many metaphors that he occasionally confuses them. Thus in the following there is a confusion between water in a spring and water in a cauldron:

> Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
> Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
> In the hot throng. (3. 655–7; cp. 4. 726, 727)

g. **Epithets.**

(1) *Ornamental epithets*, which heighten pictorial effect; these are the commonest of all, and occasionally are powerfully descriptive, as 'lonely,' applied to the peak of Athos (2. 236), 'phosphoric,' of a lake seen by flashes of lightning (3. 873), 'torn,' of the storm-tost sea (3. 803). These epithets are frequently alliterative to the substantive they belong to; e.g. 'wild weeds' (1. 132), 'fiery foot' (1. 480), 'fairy form' (1. 572).

(2) *Idealising.* 'This purple land,' i.e. land of bloodshed (1. 269); 'dun hot breath of war' (1. 498); 'glowing hours,' for a time of pleasurable excitement (3. 194).

(3) *Sympathetic* and *unsympathetic*; such as represent some fellow feeling, or the opposite, between nature and man:

> Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
> Like Scipio, buried by the *upbraiding* shore: (4. 505, 506)
> The *eloquent* air breathes—burns with Cicero: (4. 1008)

And to the *reckless* gales unmanly moaning kept: (1. 108)
And send'st him, shivering in thy *playful* spray. (4. 1617)

(4) *Etymological*; which explain the meaning of a proper name; 'Morena's *dusky* height,' the Sierra Morena being supposed to signify 'the dark range' (1. 531; see note *in loc*); the '*never-trodden* snow' of the Jungfrau, or Virgin mountain (4. 655). Possibly in '*white* Achelous' tide'—the modern Aspropotamo, or white river (2. 620), and 'Nemi, navell'd in the *woody* hills'—Nemi from Lat. *nemus* (4. 1549), the epithets are not etymological, but the poet's own description.

(5) *Antithetical*; where two epithets are contrasted, or the same epithet is repeated in two contrasted uses.

Their *bleach'd* bones, and blood's *unbleaching* stain: (1. 906)
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the crescent *pale*: (1. 394)
To *doubtful* conflict, *certain* slaughter, bring: (2. 401)
Sapping a *solemn* creed with *solemn* sneer. (3. 999)

(6) *Negative*: the usage of these is noticeable, where they gain force by accumulation; this is specially suitable to the last, or Alexandrine, line of a stanza:

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown. (4. 1611)

(7) *Anticipatory*, which anticipate a result:

In his bosom slept
The *silent* thought; (1. 105)

i.e. the thought remained, so that it was not uttered.

Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the *pausing* step; (4. 1050)

i.e. implore the step that it may pause.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the *unbalanced* scale, great Nemesis; (4. 1180, 1181)

i.e. left the scale so that it should be unbalanced.

h. Archaisms.

These are introduced into the poem as an accompaniment to

the character of 'Childe Harold,' and are numerous at the commencement, where he is the prominent figure, but become less and less frequent as the story proceeds. In the second canto they are comparatively rare, and in the third and fourth they are almost wholly wanting. Their original source is to be found, no doubt, in Spenser; but the publication of Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry' not long before this time—in which the ballad of 'Childe Waters,' one of the prototypes of Childe Harold, occurs—had made archaisms temporarily the fashion. Perhaps the employment of them was directly suggested to Byron by Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in which they are of about as frequent occurrence as in 'Childe Harold.' This is a poem of inferior merit, wholly unworthy of the author of the 'Seasons,' but Byron refers to it in his preface as one of his authorities.

These archaisms are more commonly found in the spelling, as *ee*, *joyaunte*, *conynge*, or in terminations, as *withouten*, *companie*, or unimportant words, as *ne*, *moe*, than in substantives and verbs, though such are found, as *fytte*, *feere*, *ared*. As they were mere imitations, they do not deserve serious study.

2. Figures of Speech.

a. **Oxymoron**, or juxtaposition of apparently contradictory notions.

This figure is employed, sometimes for purposes of irony, sometimes to produce pleasing surprise; there is always something in the use of the words which prevents them from being absolutely contradictory.

Here all were noble, save Nóbility: (1. 880)

The track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind: (2. 245)

Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes: (2. 404)

To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
Is lawless law: (2. 418)

Of the o'ermaster'd victor: (4. 141)
The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome: (4. 226)
Let these describe the undescribable: (4. 473)
Deceived by its gigantic elegance. (4. 1398)

b. **Climax**, or progressive force of statement.

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before: (3. 197)
A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd: (4. 1280)
Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime. (4. 1306)

The introduction of the description of Terni is a fine instance of this figure used on a grand scale—'The roar of waters! . . . The fall of waters! . . . The hell of waters!' (4. 613-7).

Analogous to this is Byron's peculiar method of progressively limiting a statement, by which means he suggests that conviction is strengthened by reflection.

Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but *not oblivion*, *feebly* brave: (2. 815, 816)
That *two*, or *one*, are *almost* what they seem: (3. 1065)
*Few—none—*find what they love or could have loved. (4. 1117)

c. **Hypallage**, or transference of an epithet from one of two substantives to another, to which it does not properly apply, for the sake of variety.

And *swarthy* Nubia's mutilated son: (2. 520)
By Coblentz, on a rise of *gentle* ground: (3. 536)
Of *blue* Friuli's mountains. (4. 238)

Similar transferences of meaning may be seen in—

Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle; (1. 58)

i.e. the massive aisles were supported by strong pillars.

Cradled nook; (4. 1339)

i.e. cradle in which the infant is hidden.

d. **Use of abstract for concrete terms.**

Hurl the *dark bulk* along; (1. 791)

i.e. the body of the slain bull.

And many a tower for some *fair mischief* won; (3 440)

i.e. mischievous fair one.

Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on *her strength* did light; (3. 556, 557)

of the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein.

The might which I behold; (3 649)

i.e. the mighty objects.

I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To *its idolatries* a patient knee; (3. 1050, 1051)

i.e. the objects of its idolatry.

Compare 'those sublimities' (4. 482), 'its immensities' (4. 1400), 'the artist's toils' (4. 1364), for 'the toiling artist.'

e. **Hendiadys**, or use of two substantives to convey one notion.

War and wasting fire, (2. 4)

for 'an explosion in a siege.'

Phantasy and flame, (3. 58)

for 'flaming conceptions.'

Life and sufferance, (4. 182)

for 'a suffering life.'

f. **Asyndeton**, or omission of connecting conjunctions. Byron's peculiarity in this respect is, that he occasionally omits a conjunction between *two* words coupled together, whereas this usually takes place in English only when there are more than two.

Ilion, Tyre might yet survive: (1. 484)
O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills: (1. 342)
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles: (1. 509, 510)
The Bactrian, Samian sage: (2. 72)
The test of truth, Jove: (4. 1166)

Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away·
(4. 1287)

And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear. (4. 1583)

g. **Anastrophe**, or putting a word after one which it would naturally precede.

But these between a silver streamlet glides: (1. 369)

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wild world I dwelt in. (3. 797, 798)

It is most common in the use of the negative:

And thus the heart will do which not forsakes: (3. 293)

Making a marvel that it not decays: (3. 623)

He who hath lov'd not, here would learn that lore. (3. 959)

3. Grammatical Irregularity.

The 'sense-construction,' where the meaning of a passage is regarded rather than the form, is found within certain limits in poetry in most languages, the use of it being suggested by the desire to avoid explanatory words and other kinds of prosaic diction. It should be noted also, that many of the irregularities in the passages quoted below appear less marked, when they are read in connection with their complete context.

a. **Pendent participial clauses.**

Until a comparatively recent period in English literature pendent participles were tolerated, though now they are condemned; and in French they are still allowed, both in prose and verse. In Byron they are of frequent occurrence, as—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; (3 5)

What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas. (2. 178, 179)

The following are more abrupt in their transition:

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned: (3. 59, 60)

The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell? (4. 1057–9)

b. **Absolute clauses.**

In these no connection is marked between them and the syntax of the sentence in which they stand; they are common in English poetry.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand. (4. 1, 2)

c. **Other forms of anacoluthon, or interrupted construction.**

He that is lonely, hither let him roam: (2. 866)

Fond of a land which gave them naught but life,
Pride points the path that leads to liberty. (1. 887, 888)

d. **Elliptical forms.**

(1) *Omission of the verb*:

Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth, (1. 3)

for 'since thou hast been shamed.'

Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal, (1. 328)

for 'nor is the goal yet fixed.'

(2) *Omission of explanatory conjunction and verb*:

Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear;
Churchman and votary alike despised, (2. 390, 391)

for 'inasmuch as churchman and votary are, etc.'

And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored, (4. 92, 93)

for 'because the annual marriage is, etc.'

(3) *Omission of the relative or antecedent*:

There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain: (3. 600)

What want these outlaws conquerors should have: (3. 429)

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue: (1. 522, 523)

Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose. (4. 114)

e. **Irregular agreement of subject and verb:**

The feast, the song, the revel here abounds: (1. 487)

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits: (3. 596, 597)

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us: (4. 721–3)

Are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood. (4. 1453–5)

f. **Various forms of condensed expression:**

When *less barbarians* would have cheer'd him less, (2. 592)

i. e. men less barbarous.

Of *then* destruction, (4. 410)

i. e. the destruction of that time.

And flies unconscious o'er each *backward* year, (2. 211)

i. e. each year which it retraces.

And *onward* view'd the mount, (2. 345)

i. e. as he proceeded.

For daring made thy rise *as fall*, (3. 322)

i. e. as it made thy fall.

A special form of condensed expression is *zeugma*, or the use of one word with two others, when it properly applies to only one of them.

Banners on high, and battles pass'd below; (3. 420)

for 'banners waved on high.'

Of hasty growth and blight, (4. 81)

for 'sudden blight.'

The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight. (4. 1443, 44)

g. **Anticipation of a substantive by a pronoun.**

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of *him*,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind: (4. 388, 9)
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and *his*,
The starry Galileo: (4. 484)
This must *he* feel, the true-born son of Greece. (2. 783)

4. VERSIFICATION.

a. **The Spenserian stanza.**

The stanza occupies an intermediate position between the continuous verse of an epic poem like 'Paradise Lost' and the pointed brevity of the couplet. Though it does not possess the full dignity of the one or the concinnity of the other, yet to some extent it unites the merits and avoids the disadvantages of both. From being longer and more complex than the couplet it can express an idea or group of ideas more fully and illustrate it more elaborately, and develop a description more completely; while, on the other hand, the recurrence of a marked pause at definite intervals imparts a unity to each successive step in the progress of the poem, and at the same time relieves the strain on the attention which is unavoidable in continuous verse. The stanza was especially well suited for Byron's purpose in 'Childe Harold,' because the subject is constantly shifting, and requires that there should be continuity, but of the least stringent kind. The stanzas are not so much the links of a chain, as beads on a string.

The Spenserian stanza is so called to distinguish it from other stanzas, because Spenser used it in his 'Faery Queene'; it consists of nine lines, the last of which is an Alexandrine. The ordinary verses are iambic lines of 5 accents and 10 (sometimes 11) syllables, as—

Oh, lóvely Spáin! renówn'd, romántic lánd;

while the Alexandrine has 6 accents and 12 (sometimes 13) syllables, as—

But sláve succeéd to sláve through yeárs of éndless toíl;

the extra syllable is found where there is a double rhyme. The lines of the stanza which rhyme with one another are 1, 3; 2, 4, 5, 7; 6, 8, 9.

b. **Pauses.**

(1) Notwithstanding the strict rules to which this stanza is subject, it admits of great variety, which results from shifting the position of the more important pauses. Even where these are regularly found at the end of the line, this effect is produced by the verses being variously grouped together according as the pause falls before or after them; and by the same process the rhymes, though retaining their positions, are affected, as it were, by a change of light and shade. In particular, a strong stop at the end of the fifth line has a marked effect in throwing that line into immediate connection with the four preceding ones, which alternate in their rhymes, so that it appears to clench them: e.g.

> Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
> Battle's magnificently stern array! (3. 244–8)

Accordingly it is in this part of the stanza that many of the finest lines in the poem occur; e.g. 2. 122, 230; 3. 1026: 4. 473, 563, 1400.

(2) In respect of the position of the pauses there is a striking difference between the two first and the two last cantos, for in the former they are much more regular than in the latter, the strong stops, colon or semi-colon, being at the end of the line. There are nine marked exceptions to this rule in Canto 1, seventeen in Canto 2; whereas in the two last cantos the strong pauses in the middle of a line are about as numerous as the stanzas. This change, like others to be hereafter mentioned, arose chiefly from the additional impetuosity, and consequent rhetorical

element in style, which was caused by the tumultuous state of feeling of the poet at the later period. In Cantos 3 and 4, Byron is especially fond of the pause after the seventh syllable, which is often very effective; e.g. 3. 792, 802, 812, 829, 849, 863.

A striking effect is sometimes produced by contrasting the first and last half of successive lines; e.g.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host. (1. 576–9)

Compare 2, 846–9.

(3) As each stanza is supposed to be complete in itself, it is a deviation from the principle of this form of composition, when a strong pause is wanting at the end. This is of very rare occurrence in the first three cantos—instances are 1. 539; 2. 522, 845; but in Canto 4 it is common, so much so that in one part there is only one full stop in eight stanzas (4. 613–684).

(4) It can hardly be regarded as other than a defect in Byron's verse that he is apt to end a line with a word closely connected with the beginning of the next, thus destroying the pause which is naturally made between the verses; as—

Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied: (1. 285, 6)

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature. (2. 577, 8)

This is of frequent occurrence in Canto 4, and still more so in the poet's dramas.

c. **Double rhymes.**

Double, or weak, rhymes, where the two last syllables of the verse rhyme, are not found in the first two cantos. The avoid-

ance of them seems to have been intentional, probably from the feeling that the single rhyme was more dignified, for an instance is found in the first line of the Dedication, where the poet was writing more familiarly. The first place in the poem itself where a double rhyme occurs is in Canto 3—

> And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd; (3. 258)

and there are several other instances in that canto (442, 563, 824, 879, 1022, 1023); but in the fourth canto the examples are numerous, extending even to the Alexandrine. It seems as if the poet, in his eagerness to express his thoughts, rebelled against the limits which he had assigned to himself.

d. **Alliteration.**

This ornamental device of art—which is in part a remnant of the old English versification, where it was systematically used—is elaborately employed by Byron. It imparts a melodious sound to the verses, but can easily degenerate into a jingle; and therefore it is better as a rule that it should be felt than distinctly recognised. Nor must it be supposed that in modern English poetry the writer himself is always conscious of it, for it is frequently suggested by association and ear, so that, when there is a choice of words to use, the alliterative one presents itself by preference. The following remarks on the alliteration in 'Childe Harold' refer to the correspondence of initial consonants only, for it would carry us too far to speak of alliteration in vowels, and in the middle of words, as in—

> Here *p*ierceth not, im*p*regnate with disease. (2. 448)

(1) *Alliteration between two words coupled together*:

Substantives—'doubt and death,' 'war and woes,' 'splendour and success,' 'brain and breast,' 'sects and systems,' 'fire and fickleness,' 'darkness and dismay.'

Adjectives—'desolate and dark,' 'wide and winding,' 'gray and ghastly,' 'sweet and sacred,' 'fair but froward,' 'fierce and far.'

Verbs—'boast and bleed,' 'surpasses or subdues,' 'foams and flows,' 'forms and falls,' 'stir and sting.'

(2) *Epithets alliterative to the substantive*:

Ornamental—'wanton wealth,' 'dull delay,' 'merry masquerade,' 'brawling brook,' 'weary waves.'

Determining the meaning—'bloodless bier,' 'warlike worshipper,' 'shady scene,' 'paltry prize,' 'sultriest season,' 'partial praise.'

(3) *Epithets alliterative to one another*:

That *l*agging barks may make their *l*azy way: (2. 175)
And join the *m*imic train of *m*erry Carnival: (2. 746)
But o'er the *bl*acken'd memory's *bl*ighting dream. (3. 458)

(4) *Alternating alliteration*:

*B*ack to the *str*uggle, *b*affled in the *str*ife: (1. 889)
But ne'er will *f*reedom *s*eek this *f*ated *s*oil: (2. 736)
Nor staid to *w*elcome *h*ere thy *w*anderer *h*ome. (2. 896)

(5) *Double alliteration, in the first and last half of a line*:

The *m*ountain *m*oss by *sc*orching *sk*ies imbrown'd: (1. 245)
Seen her *l*ong *l*ocks that foil the *p*ainter's *p*ower: (1. 571)
He *s*tops—he *s*tarts—*d*isdaining to *d*ecline: (1. 785)
*B*eneath its *b*ase are *h*eroes' ashes *h*id. (3. 539)

Still more elaborate alliteration on two letters may be seen in—

There the *b*lithe *b*ee his *f*ragrant *f*ortress *b*uilds: (2. 823)
*F*oiled, *b*leeding, *b*reathless, *f*urious to the last,
*F*ull in the centre stands the *b*ull at *b*ay. (1 774, 5)

(6) *Triple alliteration, either in one or in two lines*:

How do they *l*oathe the *l*aughter idly *l*oud: (2. 781)
And wield the *s*lavish *s*ickle, not the *s*word: (2 788)
I look upon the *p*eopled desert *p*ast,
As on a *p*lace of agony and strife. (3, 690, 691)

(7) *Contrast marked by alliteration*:

Who *l*ick yet *l*oathe the hand that waves the sword: (1. 223)

*D*eath in the front, *d*estruction in the rear:* (2. 849)
To feign the *p*leasure or conceal the *p*ique: (2. 915)
*C*onqueror and *c*aptive of the earth art thou. (3. 325)

(8) ***Alliteration gains force by marking the beat of the verse*:**

When his *D*elhis come *d*ashing in *b*lood o'er the *b*anks: (2. 687)
If ever *m*ore should *m*eet those *m*utual eyes: (3. 215)
The *f*ield of *f*reedom, *f*action, *f*ame, and blood: (4. 1009)
Her reign is past, her *g*entle *g*lories *g*one. (2. 262)

(9) ***Different effect produced by the alliteration of different letters*:**

Compare the effect produced by *r* in —

Look o'er the *r*avage of the *r*eeking plain; (1. 901)
*R*ed *r*olls his eyes' dilated glow; (1. 755)
*R*ome and her *r*uin past *r*edemption's skill; (4. 1304)

with that produced by *l*, *w*, and *s* in—

Then *l*et his *l*ength the *l*oitering pilgrim *l*ay; (2. 449)
As *w*inds come lightly *w*hispering from the *w*est; (2. 626)
*S*ounds *s*weet as if a *S*ister's voice reproved. (3. 804)

(10) The musical effect of a number of the above-mentioned forms of alliteration, when not made too prominent, may be traced in the following stanza :—

The parted bosom clings to *w*onted *h*ome,
If aught that's kindred cheer the *w*elcome *h*earth;
*H*e that is lonely, *h*ither let him roam,
And gaze *com*placent on *con*genial earth.
Greece is no *l*ightsome *l*and of social mirth:
But he whom *S*adness *s*oototheth may abide,
And scarce *r*egret the *r*egion of his birth,
When wandering *s*low by Delphi's *s*acred *s*ide,
Or *g*azing o'er the *p*lains where *G*reek and *P*ersian died.
(2. 864-72)

e. Adaptation of sound to sense.

In modern poetry this does not take the form of direct

imitation, as it does sometimes in Greek and Latin, but is confined to a general correspondence of movement.

Extension is expressed by the long compound in—

Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed. (1. 353)

Smooth movement, combined with alliteration, corresponds to the idea of—

Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.
(1. 636–8)

Rhythmic motion is seen in—

He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow. (2. 367)

Ponderous monosyllables express tedious delay in—

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun.
(3. 287)

In the next example, the long monosyllables of the first line correspond to slowness, the short ones of the second to rapidity :

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust. (2. 797, 8)

Forward motion, followed by a sudden stop, is expressed in the rhythm and alliteration of—

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.
(3. 207)

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

III–IV

BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD

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CANTOS III–IV

CANTO III.

'Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose, il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.'—*Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept.* 7, 1776.

1. Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour 's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

2. Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

3. In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

4. Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

5. He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

6. 'T is to create, and in creating live
A being more intense that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

7. Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'T is too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

8. Something too much of this:—but now 't is past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

9. His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

10. Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

11. But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

12. But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

13. Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

14. Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

15. But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

16. Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 't were wild,—as on the plunder'd wreck
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

17. Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

18. And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

19. Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
nd servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

20. If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers, long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions; all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

21. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

22. Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

23. Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

24. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

25. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'

26. And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

27. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

28. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

29. Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine:
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant
Howard!

30. There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

31. I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

32. They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

33. Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise; and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

34. There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name threescore?

35. The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
They are enough: and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
'Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!'
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

36. There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
(One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt;)
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

37. Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

38. Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

39. Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

40. Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 't was wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow:
'T is but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

41. If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

42. But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

43. This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

44. Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

45. He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

47. And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud;
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

48. Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

49. In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

50. But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.

51. A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

52. Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

53. Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

54. And he had learn'd to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

55. And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

1. THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2. And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3. I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4. The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

56. By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

57. Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

58. Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

59. Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

60. Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'T is with the thankful heart of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days,

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

62. But these recede. Above me are the Alps
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

63. But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

64. While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

65. By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'T is the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

66. And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

67. But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

68. Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

69. To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

70. There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea
The boldest steer but where their ports invite;
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

71. Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?

72. I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

73. And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

74. And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

75. Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

76. But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 't was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

77. Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

78. His love was passion's essence:—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

79. *This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that 's wild and sweet;
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch through brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

80. His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

81. For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'er-grown fears?

82. They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

83. But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

84. What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

85. Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

86. It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

87. He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

88. Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

89. All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

90. Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'t would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

91. Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

92. The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

93. And this is in the night!—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

94. Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

95. Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

96. Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

97. Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

98. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

99. Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

100. Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

101. All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

102. A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

103. He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more;
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 't is his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

104. 'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which Passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

105. Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

106. The one was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various,– gay, grave, sage, or wild,–
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule, – which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

107. The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony, that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

108. Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all, or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

109. But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

110. Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

111. Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be, and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

112\. And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

113\. I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

114\. I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing; I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

115\. My daughter! with thy name this song begun;
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end;
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

116. To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

117. Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'t were the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life retain.

118. The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements, and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me.

CANTO IV.

'Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna.'
Ariosto, Satira iii.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S., &c. &c. &c.

VENICE, *January* 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give

or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence[1], but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing

[1] His marriage is referred to.

a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive : like the Chinese in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim ; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are *now* a matter of indifference ; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer ; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections ; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar ; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—'Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l' antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima.'

Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that 'La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.' Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,'—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, 'Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima,' it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

'Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.'

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and

especially in the South, 'Verily they *will have* their reward,' and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

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1. I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

2. She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

3. In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

5. The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go, –
They came like truth, and disappear'd like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

8. I 've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

9. Perhaps I loved it well · and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

10. My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

11. The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower.

12. The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt,
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lauwine loosen'd from the mountain's belt;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

13. Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose!
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

14. In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre;
Her very by-word sprung from victory,
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

15. Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what inthrals,
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

16. When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

17. Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

18. I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part;
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

19. I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings Time cannot benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

20. But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

21. Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

22. All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
Ends: Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

23. But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

24. And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

25. But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

26. The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

27. The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
Where the Day joins the past Eternity,
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

28. A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

29. Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest,—till—'t is gone—and all is gray.

30. There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

31. They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 't is their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

32\. And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

33\. Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive:

34\. Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, ard hell itself a murkier gloom

35\. Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 't were a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

36. And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scatter'd the clouds away; and on that name attend

37. The tears and praises of all time; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing—but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn:
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou madest to mourn:

38. *Thou!* form'd to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

39. Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 't was his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows,—but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

40. Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

41. The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimick'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

42. Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

43. Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe

44. Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

45. For Time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

46. That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their decline,
And I in desolation: all that *was*
Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!
Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form,
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

47. Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

48. But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

49. There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

50. We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

51. Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn?

52. Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weigh
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

53. I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable:
I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

54. In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.

55. These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin: thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

56. But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth intrust?

57. Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore:
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages; and the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

58. Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeath'd
His dust,—and lies it not her great among,
With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren tongue?
That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech? No;—even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom*!

59. And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more:
Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
Fortress of falling empire! honour'd sleeps
The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead and weeps.

60. What is her pyramid of precious stones?
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to incrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dews
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

61. There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies;
There be more marvels yet—but not for mine;
For I have been accustom'd to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

62. Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er,

63. Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

64. The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

65. Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

66. But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

67. And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

68. Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 't is his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism,—'t is to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

69. The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That guard the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

70. And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

71. To the broad column which rolls on, and shows 631
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

72. Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

73. Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lauwine—might be worshipp'd more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

74. Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
For still they soared unutterably high:
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's height, display'd
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

75. For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake,
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

76. Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

77. Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse:
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

78. Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

79. The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

80. The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?

81. The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry 'Eureka!' it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near

82. Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

83. Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

84. The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named Eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

85. Sylla was first of victors; but our own,
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

86. The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

87. And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene

88. And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

89. Thou dost; but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron: and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same course steer'd,
At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

90. The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he beam'd,

91. And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But the man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—
At what? can he avouch, or answer what he claim'd?

92. And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
An universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rainbow, God!

93. What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too much
light.

94. And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

95. I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Averr'd, and known, and daily, hourly seen—
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grc
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne:
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

96. Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

97. But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

98. Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

99. There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

100. But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's, or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived, how loved, how died she? Was she not
So honoured—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

101. Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

102. Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

103. Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!

104. I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou Tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind;

105. And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more,
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

106. Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

107. Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reap'd
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 't is thus the mighty falls.

108. There is the moral of all human tales;
'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words! draw near,

109. Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd!
Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?

110. Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No—'t is that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.

112. Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

113. The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd;
But long before had Freedom's face been veil'd,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

114. Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

115. Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

116. The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

117. Fantastically tangled: the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies.

118. Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

119. And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

120. Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poisons; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

121. Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd, wearied, wrung, and riven.

122. Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seiz'd?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

123. Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

124. We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'t is the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

125. Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

126. Our life is a false nature: 't is not in
The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

127. Yet let us ponder boldly—'t is a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

128. Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

129. Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

130. Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

131. Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate:
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

132. And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and must.

133. It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake——
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

134. And if my voice break forth, 't is not that now
I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

135. That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,
Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

136. From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

137. But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain:
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

138. The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

139. And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

140. I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

141. He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

142. But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

143. A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

144. But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

145. 'While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
'When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
'And when Rome falls—the World.' From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den of thieves, or what ye will.

146. Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!

147. Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.

148. There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar: but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

149. Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—
What may the fruit be yet? I know not—Cain was Eve's.

150. But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river: from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds no such tide.

151. The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

152. Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travell'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

153. But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle;—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd;

154. But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

155. Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

156. Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonise—
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines where flame
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

157. Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

158. Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

159. Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

160. Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending: Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

161. Or view the Lord of the unerring bow.
The God of life, and poesy, and light
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

162. But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

163. And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath array'd
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 't was wrought.

164. But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more—these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing:—if he was
Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

165. Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud
Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

166. And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart—the heart whose sweat was gore.

167. Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

168. Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

169. Peasants bring forth in safety. –Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris. Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

170. Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did intrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherd's eyes: –'t was but a meteor beam'd.

171. Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

172. These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there!*
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is link'd the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

173. Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam 'against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

174. And near, Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war
'Arms and the man,' whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire:—but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

175. But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

176. Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many - since have done
Their work on both; some suffering, and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run;
We have had our reward, and it is here,-
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

177. Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!- in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted –Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

178. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

179. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean -roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

180. His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

181. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

182. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

184. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

185. My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ;
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

186. Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain.

NOTES

CANTO III.

Prefatory Note.

On the change of style between the earlier and the later portion of the poem.

THOUGH there is no reason to suppose that Byron consciously or intentionally modified his style, yet as he was young when the two first cantos were written, and six years intervened before the third was commenced, it is not to be wondered at if certain differences are traceable between them. During the interval his genius had developed and matured, and the circumstances which preceded his departure from England had induced a tumultuous state of feeling; this is reflected in his verses, while at the same time his crowding thoughts seem to struggle for expression, and to rebel against the limits imposed by strict rules of art. The result of this is, that in the later cantos the style is more vigorous, more impassioned, and more rhetorical, and the versification is more varied and more irregular, not to say careless; and the change was progressive, for it is more decidedly marked in the fourth than in the third canto. The chief points in which these differences are apparent have been noticed separately in the Introductory Essay on the Art, Style, and Versification of the poem, but it may be well to bring them together here, referring for fuller information to the sections of that Essay.

1. In Cantos 1, 2 the considerable pauses are usually at the end of a line; in 3, 4 they are frequently in the middle (4. *b.* (2)).
2. The neglect of the natural pause between the verses, which arises from ending a line with a word closely connected with the beginning of the next, is rare in the earlier cantos, common in Canto 4 (4. *b.* (4)).
3. In Cantos 1, 2 the stanzas are almost always complete in themselves; in Canto 4 they frequently run into one another (4. *b.* (3)).
4. Double rhymes are entirely wanting in Cantos 1, 2; they first appear in Canto 3, and become more numerous as the poem advances (4. *c.*).
5. Similes are very rare in the first two, common in the last two cantos (1. *f.*).
6. Personification on a large scale is found in Canto 1, but not afterwards (1. *d.*).
7. Archaisms, which are somewhat numerous in Canto 1, and occasional in Canto 2, are hardly ever found in the later portion (1. *h.*).

It is also worthy of notice that the treatment of the subject is henceforth more intensely personal; and that external nature, which in Canto 2 is usually combined with historical associations, in Canto 3 is employed as a contrast to human society.

Line 1. This Canto was written in Switzerland, but the poet here recurs in thought to the time when he left England, and conceives of himself as asleep and dreaming on shipboard when crossing the Channel. For the circumstances under which it was written, and those that preceded it, see Introduction, pp. 11–13.

5. *Awaking with a start*;—a pendent participial clause; see Essay on Style, 3. *a.*, p. 39.

9. *When Albion's lessening shores*, &c.;—the stress is on 'lessening'; 'when I could feel pleasure or pain at watching my country disappear from view.'

10. *yet*;—'still,' 'again.'

15. *strew the gale*;—'be carried in tatters on the wind.'

16. *as a weed*;—the floating sea-weed is a fine image of a homeless, friendless, expatriated man.

19. *youth's summer*;—'prime of youth.'

of One, &c.;—'of one who was, &c.'; Childe Harold is meant.

20. *outlaw of his own dark mind*;—prob. 'driven into exile by his evil conscience;' but the expression is ambiguous: it might be 'exile, flying from his evil conscience,' like 'exile of society.'

22. *bear it with me*;—he does not set to work to carry on the theme

of Harold's fortunes, but appropriates it to his purposes as a mere accompaniment to his thoughts.

24. *The furrows*, &c.;—the elaborate metaphor of the last four lines of the stanza is derived from a torrent-bed, which when dried up serves for a sandy or shingly path, as is often the case in southern Europe. The meaning is—'Furrows traced by thought formed the channel in which tears ran; when the stream of tears dried up, the channel became a path, along which the years, like travellers, plod their weary way.' Cp. l. 173.

25. *ebbing*;—here used of the waters of a stream drying up.

28. *of passion—joy, or pain*;—of passion, whether it took the form of joy or of pain.

33. *So that it wean me*;—this depends on 'it shall seem' below; 'provided that it withdraw my thoughts from.'

34. *fling Forgetfulness around me*;—the metaphor is from a veil.

36. *though*;—'even if.'

38. *in deeds, not years*;—take with what precedes.

piercing the depths of life, &c.;—'penetrating the mysteries of existence and depths of feeling, so that nothing henceforth can surprise him.' The character of Manfred represents such a person; that drama was written shortly after this Canto.

39. *below*;—in this world.

43. *lone caves, yet rife*;—'yet' is opposed to 'lone'; 'places of retirement which, though solitary, yet teem': the ideal world is meant, in which a man is driven to take refuge by weariness of real life. For 'cave' in this sense cp. 'the caverns of rain' of Shelley's Cloud, 6. 10.

45. *Still unimpair'd, though old*;—'familiar conceptions, which yet have lost nothing of their brightness.' Cp. 4. 37, 8.

the soul's haunted cell;—'the chambers of the brain, peopled by fancy.'

46. *'Tis to create*, &c.;—'It is in order to give birth to creations of our own, and in them to live a more intense life, that we invest with reality our conceptions, and while we impart life to what we imagine, we live an ideal life ourselves.'

50. *not so*;—not 'nothing,' but a wondrous reality.

51. *Soul of my thought! with whom*;—'thou my living conception, identified with which.'

52. *Invisible but gazing*;—'seeing, though unseen myself.'

53. *thy birth*;—'thy nature.'

54. *in my crush'd feelings' dearth*;—'when, broken-hearted as I am, my own feelings are a blank.'

58. *phantasy and flame*;—a hendiadys for 'flaming conceptions'; see

Essay on Style, 2. e., p. 38. 'Phantasy' is the same word as 'fancy,' but being the earlier and uncontracted form is more impressive.

59. *untaught*;—'as I was untaught'; a peculiar use of the pendent participle.

61. *Yet*;—the connexion is—'It is too late to retrace my steps, yet I must not ignore the fact that.'

still enough the same, &c.;—'a sufficient measure of my former strength remains to me to enable me to bear what cannot be modified by time.'

64. *Something too much of this*;—*sc.* 'has been said'; like 'no more of this!' The expression is from Hamlet, 3. 2. 69; Byron uses it also in his Journal, Moore's Life, p. 235.

65. *the spell closes with its silent seal*;—'my chant of doom is ended, and is ratified by the seal of silence': the meaning is best illustrated by comparing 4. 1204–6, 1234.

66. *reappears*;—'comes once more on the stage.'

71. *as*;—'just as they do.'

72. *but sparkles near the brim*;—take 'but' with 'near the brim.'

74. *wormwood*;—the bitterest of herbs.

75. *from a purer fount, on holier ground*;—the reference is to his travels, especially in Greece; this is shown by the following stanzas, in which his career subsequent to that time is traced. It cannot refer to his marriage.

79. *worn with pain*, &c.;—'the chain caused pain in the wearing, which silently wasted him, and became acute, penetrating more and more as he moved forward,' *sc.* because it was caused by a fetter round the ankles.

80. *pined*;—here used transitively; cp. Spenser, Faery Queene, 1. 10. 48, 9:

> 'And *pyn'd* his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.'

85. *sheath'd with*;—'guarded by,' as with a sheath.

87. *as one*;—'as one of the multitude,' 'as a unit in the crowd.'

88. *unheeded*,—'unobserved,' 'unnoticed.'

searching through, &c.;—'on the look-out for subjects for the study of human nature, in the same way as he had previously studied the wonders of external nature.'

91. *But who can view*, &c.;—this is really a comparison, though thrown into the same form as the questions that follow.

92. *curiously*;—'with close observation'; cp. Spenser, Muiopotmos, 171, of the butterfly:

> 'And takes survey, with *curious* busy eye,
> Of every flowre and herbe there set in order.'

94. *all*;—'altogether.'

95. *Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold*;—'contemplate Fame unfold' for 'watch Fame unfolding' is an irregular government on the analogy of 'see Fame unfold.' 'Unfold' means 'display to view what had been hidden before.' Pronounce 'contémplate.'

96. *The star*, &c.;—the difficulty of reaching fame is represented by the steep mountain-peak, the goal of ambition by the star shining above it, the fluctuations of hope and despondency by the clouds now opening now closing before it.

98. *chasing Time*;—cp. l. 194, 'To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.' Here the rapid motion of the vortex, there that of the dance, is regarded as driving Time before it.

99. *fond*;—'self-indulgent'; 'fond' combines the meanings of 'weak' and 'kind.'

104. *still uncompell'd*;—'being even now his own master.'

105. *dominion of*;—'the power of swaying.'

107. *which*;—*sc.* desolation; *i.e.* 'he in desolation.'

115. *A mutual language*;—'a language which he understood,' 'mutual' to them and him.

clearer than the tome, &c.;—'clearer' = 'more intelligible.' This word stands intermediate between two metaphors;—in connexion with what precedes it refers to the language of speech and communication; in connexion with what follows to the written language of books. 'Tome' has reference to 'pages' below, and signifies 'written language.' The meaning then is—'clearer than what is found in the written language of his native tongue.'

116. *which he would oft forsake*, &c.;—'he would often leave the study of (English, and therefore readily intelligible) books for the study of nature.'

117. *Nature's pages*;—'pages of the book of Nature' is a poetical expression for 'views of landscape'; so Keble, Christian Year, Fourth Sunday in Advent:

'Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book.'

glass'd;—'reflected'; cp. Manfred, 2. 2. 26:

'thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is *glass'd* serenity of soul.'

on the lake;—perhaps the poet was thinking of his own lake at Newstead; cp. l. 167.

118. *Like the Chaldean*;—the Chaldeans were famous for astrology. This subject is again referred to in ll. 824 foll.

122. *have kept his spirit to that flight*;—*i.e.* 'have sustained it at that elevation.'

123. *but this clay will sink*, &c.;—cp. Wisdom, 9. 15: 'For the cor-

ruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things.' 'Sink' = 'depress.'

127. *a thing*;—'a creature.'

129. *Droop'd*;—'[and he] lost his spirit.'

clipt wing;— to prevent him flying.

130. *were*;— here = 'would be.'

131. *his fit*;—*sc.* of rebellion against conventionality and commonplace life. The expression is from Macbeth, 3. 4. 21.

which to o'ercome, &c.;—if we omit the simile, the meaning is—'to overcome which he engaged in a struggle with himself, which caused his repressed fire to consume him inwardly.' There is a change in the construction (*anacoluthon*) after 'which to o'ercome,' caused by the interposition of the simile. 'As' should be carefully separated from 'eagerly.'

141. *as on the plunder'd wreck*;—'as' = 'as happens.' The idea intended in 'plunder'd wreck' is that of a vessel disabled and plundered by pirates.

144. *Did yet inspire a cheer*;—'the cheerfulness (smilingness) of despair inspired a gaiety.'

145. *Stop!*;—*Siste, viator! heroa calcas.* Observe the skill with which the reader, who is supposed to have started with the poet or his hero on their journey, is suddenly brought face to face with Waterloo. To understand the effect produced by these lines at the time of their publication, we must remember that a year had barely elapsed since the battle at the time of Byron's visit.

146. *An Earthquake's spoil*;—Waterloo, with its shock of battle, is conceived of as an earthquake; all that it destroyed is 'an earthquake's spoil.'

148. *trophied*;—'decorated with trophies.' *N.B.* The mound with the Belgian lion had not then been erected.

149. *the moral's truth tells simpler so*, &c.;—'the rightful moral of the battle-field—viz. that the battle is as nothing in the world's history—is more plainly declared when there is no memorial.' 'Tells,' intrans.

153. *first and last*;—*i.e.* supreme, unrivalled.

King-making Victory;—'thou victory, which hast only resulted in establishing kings more firmly on their thrones.' This had special reference to the Holy Alliance between the emperors of Russia and Austria and the king of Prussia, which was made at this time.

154. *And Harold stands upon this place of skulls*;—'and' continues the narrative, which has been suddenly interrupted. The expression 'place of skulls' was no doubt suggested by the name Golgotha, the 'place of a skull.'

157. *transferring fame as fleeting too;*—'Destiny (the power which gave) transfers to others fame, which is equally transitory with its material gifts.'

158. *In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew;*—the Author remarks in a note—'"Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight.' He compares Macbeth, 2. 4. 12:

'A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place.'

'The eagle' is shown to be Napoleon by l. 161, 'Ambition's life and labours'; otherwise it would be more convenient to interpret it as France, in order to connect l. 162, 'He wears the shatter'd links, &c.,' with ll. 163, 4, 'Gaul may . . . foam in fetters.' But the two are to a great extent identified throughout the passage.

159. *Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain;*—the line originally ran:

'Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain';

but Byron altered it, when his attention was drawn (by an artist's sketch) to the fact that birds of prey attack with their talons, not with their beaks. This shows that fighting, and not death-agony, is meant; that is (when taken in connexion with the next line), desperate resistance, when conquered by a coalition.

162. *He wears,* &c.;—the chain which Napoleon had used to enslave the world, is broken off the hands of other nations, and used to bind him.

163. *may;*—'may, without protest from us,' 'we are content that she should.'

165. *One;*—Napoleon only.

166. *Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty;*—'or league' = 'or did they rather league.' Paraphrase thus—'or was the object of their coalition to teach all kings the limits of monarchical power?'

168. *The patch'd-up idol,* &c.;—the meaning of the passage is—'after throwing down the image of Slavery in the person of Napoleon on enlightened principles, shall we set up again its broken fragments in the shape of the Holy Alliance?'

171. *prove before ye praise;*—'before praising Waterloo, examine what its result will be.'

172. *If not;*—*i. e.* 'if you do not examine.'

173. *In vain;*—the connexion is—'if the fall of Bonaparte is to be the only result of Waterloo, then in vain, &c.'

furrow'd with hot tears;—cp. l. 24.

174. *Europe's flowers long rooted up;*—a highly poetical expression for the desolation caused by war. In Landseer's fine painting, 'Time of War,' one of the most effective touches is the introduction of the flowers in the midst of the carnage and ruin. 'Long' = 'during many years.'

174. *before*, &c.;—'before the footsteps of,' *i. e.* by his progress.

175. *years*, &c.;—Bonaparte's campaigns.

177. *broken by the accord*, &c.;—'brought to an end by the coalition against him.'

178. *all that most endears*, &c.;—the meaning, in connexion with what precedes, is—'all this is in vain, for what renders victory really precious is its being the cause of freedom.'

180. *Such as Harmodius drew*, &c.;—when Hippias and Hipparchus, sons of Peisistratus, were tyrants of Athens, two friends, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, conspired against them, and killed Hipparchus at the festival of the Panathenaea with daggers concealed in the myrtle-branches which were carried on that occasion (B C. 514). The famous song which was composed in their honour begins thus:

> 'Εν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
> ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,
> ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην
> ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.'

Hence 'the sword in myrtles drest' (Keble's Christian Year, Third Sunday in Lent) became the emblem of assertors of liberty.

181. From speaking of the sufferings and losses entailed by war the poet passes at once to the description of the eve of Quatre-Bras, which was fought on June 16, 1815, while Waterloo was two days later. The conflicting emotions of such an occasion were never, in all probability, more finely described. The following passage from Miss Martineau's Introduction to the History of the Peace, p. 393, may serve to recount the circumstances. 'It was on the evening of the 15th that Wellington received the news at Brussels of the whereabout of the French. He instantly perceived that the object was to separate his force from the Prussians. He sent off orders to his troops in every direction to march upon Quatre-Bras. This done, he dressed and went to a ball, where no one would have discovered from his manner that he had heard any remarkable news. It was whispered about the rooms, however, that the French were not far off; and some officers dropped off in the course of the evening—called by their duty, and leaving heavy hearts behind them. Many parted so who never met again. It was about midnight when the general officers were summoned. Somewhat later, the younger officers were very quietly called away from their partners: and by sunrise of the summer morning of the 16th all were on their march.'

186. *voluptuous swell*;—cp. 4. 472, where however the application is different.

187. *spake again*;—'looked responsive.'

188. *at a marriage bell*;—this expression is introduced to contrast with the 'knell' of the following line.

189. *rising*;—'commencing,' 'beginning to be heard.'

193. *No sleep*;—'let there be no sleep'; the omission of the verb expresses excitement.

when Youth and Pleasure meet, &c.;—a splendidly poetical expression for—'young people enjoying the rapidly-passing excitement of the dance'; for 'chase,' cp. l. 98.

196. *As if the clouds*, &c.;—as if it were the rumbling of a thunderstorm.

197. *nearer, clearer, deadlier*;—for the climax see Essay on Style, 2. *b.*, p. 37.

199. *window'd niche*;—'bay-window'; lit. 'recess provided with windows.'

200. *Brunswick's fated chieftain*;—the Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre-Bras.

202. *caught its tone*;—'distinguished it as the sound of artillery.'

204. *more truly knew that peal too well*,—a bold use of two adverbs with one verb; but they are separated by the intervening words, and refer to different things—'more truly' (than those who smiled) to what precedes, 'too well' (as connected with his father's death) to what follows.

205. *Which stretch'd his father*, &c.;—his father received his death-wound at Auerstadt (A. D. 1806).

206. *quell*;—'satisfy.'

221. *And the deep thunder*;—*sub.* 'sounded.'

222. *alarming*;—'calling to arms'; see note on l. 563.

227. *Lochiel*;—the chief of the Highland clan of the Camerons.

Albyn;—Gaelic name of Scotland.

229. *noon of night*;—'midnight'; Dryden, quoted in Johnson's Dict. has 'full before him at the noon of night.'

that pibroch thrills;—'pibroch'='music of the bagpipe'; 'thrills,' see note on 2. 755.

230. *but with the breath*, &c.;—the meaning is—'in proportion as the bagpipe sounds louder, the courage of the Highlanders rises.' 'Fills' is trans., 'fill' intrans.

232. *which instils*;—'memory' is the subject to this.

234. *Evan's, Donald's fame*;—Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the 'gentle Lochiel' of the 'forty-five.'—Author's note.

235. *Ardennes*;—the forest of Soignies, which intervenes between Brussels and Waterloo, is treated by the poet as part of the neighbouring forest-district of the Ardennes, which is on the frontier of France and Belgium.

240. *Which now beneath them*;—'grows' is to be supplied from 'shall grow' below; it is a condensed form of expression.

241. *this fiery mass;*—the metaphor is taken from a burning lava-stream; so 'moulder' in l. 243.

245. *circle;*—'assembly'; so Fr. *cercle*, Ital. *circolo*, means 'a club.'

249. *The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent;*—the 'thunder-clouds' are the smoke of battle, which is called 'war's tempest' in l. 260. It is as it were the lowering of the curtain, to rise on a wholly changed scene. There was a thunderstorm on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, but if this is alluded to at all, it is only in a very secondary manner. 'Which when rent' = 'and when these are rent.'

251. *heap'd and pent;*—'piled closely together'; 'pent' means 'forced into a small space': these words go with 'other clay.'

252. *blent;*—'mingled indistinguishably'; 'blent,' for 'blended,' is past part. from 'blend,' as 'pent,' for 'penned,' from 'pen.'

253. *by loftier harps than mine*,—especially by Scott, whom Byron placed at the head of the poets of his age, in his poem, The Field of Waterloo.

255. *blend me with his line;*—'trace a family connexion between us.'

256. *I did his sire some wrong;*—Major Howard was the son of the Earl of Carlisle, Byron's guardian, whom he satirised ill-naturedly in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

257. *that bright names will hallow song;*—'because distinguished names impart a sacred lustre to poetry.'

258. *shower'd;*—this is the first instance in the poem of a double or disyllabic rhyme; see Essay on Style, 4. *c.*, p. 44.

263. *nothing;*—'nothing worth.'

265. On the use of contrast to heighten pathos in this line and throughout this whole passage, see Essay on Style, 1. *a.* (3.), p. 28.

266. *revive;*—'burst into life once more.'

268. *to contrive;*—as being an elaborate scheme; so we talk of the mechanism of the heavens.'

270. *to those;*—*sc.* persons.

272. *one as all;*—'one equally with another.'

273. *In his own kind and kindred;*—'in society at large and in his relations.'

274. *for their sake;*—'even for the sake of the dead,' who would rather be forgotten than that their relations should suffer in vain. The words have little force, if applied to the relations.

275. *not Glory's;*—Fame is usually represented as blowing a trumpet; but Fame's trumpet (the poet says) can recall no one from the grave.

279. *a stronger, bitterer claim;*—at first the thought of a relation's glorious death is a consolation; afterwards it embitters sorrow by making us feel how much we have lost.

280. *They mourn*, &c.;—'they recover from their grief, but still feel

its weight.' The next seven lines contain six comparisons to illustrate the principle of the last line of the stanza, viz. that the outward semblance of life will continue, when its brightness and real vitality are lost. These are—the withered trunk, the dismasted vessel, the sunken roof-tree, the dismantled wall, the prison whose occupant is dead, the sunless day. Observe that each of these comparisons would become a simile, if introduced by 'like' or 'as,' in the same way in which that of the broken mirror is in the next stanza.

283. *roof-tree*;—beam that supports the roof.

284. *In massy hoariness*;—for 'massy' cp. 1. 58, 2. 82; 'hoariness,' from the crust of mould upon it.

289. The simile of the broken mirror carries out and amplifies the idea contained in 'brokenly.' The broken heart feels its sorrow with greater intensity, and recalls the image of the lost object of affection in a greater variety of ways, just as every fragment of the broken mirror has the same power of reflection as the mirror itself when unbroken.

290. *In every fragment multiplies*;—the glass of the fragments makes many mirrors out of one.

292. *The same, and still the more*;—the likeness is the same, the number is increased.

294. *guise*;—'state,' 'condition.'

and still, and cold;—the poet here leaves the simile of the mirror, and reverts to the ideas of the previous stanza.

296. *all without*;—its exterior semblance.

297. *are untold*;—the sorrow of the heart cannot find expression in words.

298. The meaning is—'despair itself has a power of keeping men in life, like trees fed by poisonous sap.'

299. *Vitality of poison*;—'an element of life furnished by poison'; cp. The Dream, 8:

> 'He fed on poisons, but they had no power,
> But were a kind of nutriment.'

quick;—'living,' the original meaning of the word, as in '*quick* and dead.'

300. *for it were, &c.*;—death under such circumstances would be no evil.

301. *Life will suit, &c.*;—men come to feed on sorrow, to be sustained on it.

303. *Like to the apples, &c.*;—the simile must not be pressed beyond the point contained in 'all ashes to the taste.' For the fact cp. Deut. 32. 32, Wisd. 10. 7; Tac. Hist. 5. 7. They are a species of gall-nut, and are described by Curzon (Monasteries in the Levant, p. 187), who

met with the tree that bears them near the Dead Sea, and mistaking the fruit for a ripe plum, proceeded to eat one, whereupon his mouth was filled with bitter dust.

307. *The Psalmist*, &c.;—Ps. 90. 10, 'The days of our age are threescore years and ten.'

308. *They are enough*, &c.;—the meaning is—'Seventy years is a high average—nay, too high (more than enough), if thy story be true'; *i.e.* 'if we may judge from what thou hast to tell us of the duration of life.'

313. *united nations*;—England, Prussia, and France, brought together on one battlefield. The sentiment is that of Shakspere's Henry V, on St. Crispin's day, 4. 3. 40 foll.

315. *this is much*;—*sc.* renown with posterity.

316. The poet now passes on to moralise on the fate of Napoleon. The estimate of him here given is far higher than that expressed in the Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, written in 1814. He returns to this subject in 4. 800 foll.

nor the worst;—'and not the worst.'

317. *Whose spirit*;—there is no verb to this clause; either 'was' is to be understood with 'of the mightiest,' or there is a break in the sense after 'all things.'

spirit, antithetically mixt;—'character compounded of opposite qualities'; 'antithesis' = opposition, contrast.

318. *of the mightiest*; 'one of the mightiest.'

again;—'the next moment.'

320. *been betwixt*;—'kept the just mean.'

322. *as fall*;—condensed expression for 'as it did thy fall'; see Essay on Style, 3. *f.*, p. 41.

324. *the Thunderer of the scene*;— an expression formed on the analogy of 'hero of the scene'; 'prominent among all persons and objects (the scene) in the character of the Thundering God' (cp. 2. 472); *i.e.* shaking the heavens, appalling mankind.

326. *She trembles at thee still*;—Chateaubriand, quoted by Pichot, Translation of Byron's Works, vol. 2, p. 362, said—'Le redingote grise et le chapeau de Napoléon, placés au bout d'un bâton sur la côte de Brest, feraient courir l'Europe aux armes.'

331. *nor less the same*, &c.;—'a god also to the kingdoms, &c.'

332. *all inert*;—'paralysed,' 'incapable of action,' because 'astounded.'

334. *more or less*;—'sometimes more, sometimes less.'

in high or low;—*sub.* 'circumstances.'

335. The sudden changes in Napoleon's career, which are here referred to, are finely described by Manzoni in his 'Cinque Maggio':—

'Tutto ei provò; la gloria
Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga, e la vittoria,
La reggia, e il tristo esiglio,
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte su gli altar.'

336. *making monarchs' necks thy footstool*;—referring to the custom of placing the foot on the neck of the conquered; Josh. 10. 24; Gibbon, vol. 7, p. 162 (Smith's ed.), of Alp Arslan's treatment of the Emperor Romanus Diogenes.

340. *in men's spirits*;—'in judging other men's characters.'

342. *the loftiest star*;—Napoleon was a great believer in his destiny, or 'star.'

347. *host of hatred*;—'crowd of embittered enemies.'

352. *thy fortunes*;—'thy times of good fortune.'

353. *steel'd thee on too far*;—'hardened thee to too great a degree, and so induced thee (on).'

354. *just*;—Byron approves the scorn in itself (it is what he himself felt), but not the expression of it.

357. *And spurn the instruments thou wert to use*;—Napoleon's brutal rudeness to his subordinates is well known. 'Wert to use' = 'wert intending to use.'

361. *headlong*;—'precipitous'; cp. 4. 613: the Lat. *praeceps* is similarly used both of 'falling headlong' and of 'steepness.'

362. *made to*;—'created such as to,' 'of such a character as to.'

363. *had help'd to brave*;—'would have assisted [thee] to brave.'

364–8. The meaning is—'the popular belief that Napoleon was invincible did more than anything else to support his throne and defeat his enemies; he ought therefore to have taken Alexander, not Diogenes, for his model—ought to have been the great conqueror, not the cynic—as long, at all events, as he desired to retain the throne.' 'Then' (l. 366) is explained by the following line, and means 'while wearing the purple.'

369. *too wide a den*;—the reference is to the tub of Diogenes, and the stress of the sentence is on 'cynics.' 'Cynics, even if they bear sceptres, may be content with a tub of moderate dimensions.'

370. *quick*;—'living,' 'lively,' 'restless'; see note on l. 299. This stanza and the three following contain reflections on ambition.

376. *Preys upon*;—'feeds ravenously on,' like a bird of prey.

377. *a fever at the core*;—this is in apposition to 'a fire and motion of the soul.'

378. *who bears*;—'who has the fever in his system.'

382. *things*;—*i.e.* men regarded as agencies or forces.

384. *And are themselves*, &c.;—'from duping others, they in turn come to be duped by them.'

386. *a school*;—'a source of instruction.'

390. *nursed and bigoted*;—'trained and obstinately attached.'

392. *overcast*;—like a sky overcast with clouds.

397. In the first four lines of this stanza the comparison is put first, and its relation to that to which it is compared is only marked by the correspondence of the lines. It means—'as he who ascends . . . . so he who surpasses, &c.' It is difficult to arrange satisfactorily the different points of the comparison in the whole stanza; but the first four lines seem to refer to the solitariness, the last five to the disquiet, of the summit of ambition. Interpret thus—'As the mountaineer among the highest peaks finds himself in the midst of clouds and snow, so he who rises above his fellows must expect to be solitary in consequence of their jealousy: and as this climber finds sunshine above him, and a wide expanse outspread below him, while in his immediate neighbourhood are rocks and storms, so the successfully ambitious man is crowned with glory, and has the world at his feet, but enjoys no repose or safety.' This interpretation gives consistency to the passage; but as Byron is apt to mix his metaphors, it is possible that he began by comparing the heroic man to the mountain-tops, and after the two intervening lines, went on to compare him to one among the mountain-tops.

406. *Away with these*;—the transition from the subject of Napoleon to that of the Rhine is made by contrasting ambition with the love of Nature.

true Wisdom's world, &c.;—'Wisdom will find its sphere either in thought or in the study of external nature.'

408. *teems*;—'is prolific.'

413. *castles breathing stern farewells*;—*i.e.* saluting the passer-by with a stern aspect. 'Farewell' is used here, not so much in the sense of 'adieu' as in its etymological sense of 'make a prosperous journey'; in Germ. 'gluckliche Reise.'

414. *greenly*;—'softened by a tint of green.'

415. *as stands*;—the simile ends with the next line.

417. *crannying*;—here used in the sense of 'penetrating the crannies.'

418. *dark*;—'mysterious,' with implication of the shadow of the cloud sweeping round it.

420. *Banners on high*;—*sub.* 'waved'; on the form of condensed expression here (*zeugma*) see Essay on Style, 3. *f.*, p. 41.

424. *Beneath these battlements, within those walls*;—'these,' as having been mentioned in the last line, 'those,' in l. 414.

425. *Power dwelt amidst her passions*;—a fine personification; the Passions are conceived as forming the retinue of Power.

in proud state . . . . upheld;—'maintained in magnificence.'

428. *of a longer date;*—'whose fame has lasted longer;' cp. l. 399.

429. *What want these outlaws conquerors should have;*—the relative is understood before 'conquerors'; cp. l. 600. The general meaning of the passage is—'What that befits conquerors is wanting to these outlaws, except a name in history, a wider field of action, and a tomb emblazoned with their titles?' Perhaps, however, 'a wider space' means 'a larger domain,' to call attention to their having existed. 'Outlaws,' because of their lawless habits and rebellion against their feudal superiors.

430. *history's purchased page;*—because the annalists who recorded the deeds of conquerors were venal.

433. *single fields;*—'single combats.'

435. *Love, which lent a blazon to their shields;*—in the tournaments they wore devices on their shields expressing love, *e.g.* a bleeding heart.

436. *emblems well devised by amorous pride;*—containing a challenge on behalf of love.

437. *Through all the mail,* &c.;—'though their hearts were steeled to resist tenderness, love penetrated them.'

438. *Their flame was fierceness;*—'the passion of love was to them a form of fierceness.'

439. *near allied;*—destruction frequently was the result of contest.

440. *fair mischief;*—'mischievous fair one.'

441. *discolour'd;*—cp. l. 386, 'bleeding stream.'

442. *But Thou;*—this is a form of address; there is no sentence to which it belongs.

445. *thy bright creation;*—the fertility of the neighbouring lands is regarded as the creation of the river.

447. *then;*—*sc.* if man would leave them uninjured.

448. *were to know,* &c.;—'would be to perceive a portion of earth outspread and enamelled like heaven.'

450. *Even now,* &c.;—'even as it is, it would seem to me heaven, if it were the fountain of forgetfulness.'

453. *weltering ranks;*—'piles of slain, weltering in their blood.'

457. *glass'd;*—intrans., 'brightly reflected itself'; used trans. in l. 117.

458. *But o'er;*—the contrast is between the general oblivion and his own incapability of forgetting, referred to in l. 450.

476. *one fond breast;*—his half-sister Augusta, already mentioned in l. 84. See Introd. p. 7.

to which his own would melt;—'towards which his heart would be softened into tenderness.'

481. *its earliest nurture;*—'babyhood.' Byron's love of children is shown in 2. 547, 3. 1076 foll., 4. 1336 foll.

483. *boots;*—'profits'; so 'bootless' = 'unprofitable'; 'to boot' = 'for advantage,' and so 'in addition.' Skeat, Etym. Dict.

486. *this;*—sc. this feeling.

487. *as hath been said;*—in l. 476.

489. *withal;*—here = 'with'; cp. l. 586.

490. *far above disguise;*—i.e. 'being publicly professed.'

491. *mortal enmities;*—this probably means 'the risk, on his sister's part, of incurring mortal enmities.'

493. *dreaded most in female eyes;*—because of their natural timidity.

495. *these absent greetings;*—the poem here attributed to Childe Harold was written by Byron to his sister when he was on the banks of the Rhine, in May, 1816. Henceforth the character of Childe Harold disappears, until near the end of Canto 4, where he is introduced to say farewell.

496. The castle of Drachenfels crowns the summit of one of the Siebengebirge (Seven Mountains) on the opposite side of the Rhine to Bonn.

500. *And hills;*—this and the following substantives are the subject to 'have strew'd.'

blossom'd;—'covered with blossom.'

503. *far;*—'distant,' 'seen afar off.'

504. *strew'd;*—'laid out to view.'

513. *vintage-bowers;*—'nooks embowered with vines.'

523. *nigh;*—'by thy side.'

527. *The charm of this enchanted ground;*—the river, like a charm, is the cause of its being enchanted.

529. *fresher;*—'increasingly grateful to the eye.'

530. *its wish might bound;*—'might be contented.'

536. *a rise of gentle ground;*—for 'a gentle rise of ground,' by the figure *hypallage*, or transference of epithets; cp. Tennyson, Princess:

'Robed in the *long* night of her *deep* hair.'

And see Essay on Style, 2. a, p. 37.

539. *Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,*

Our enemy's;—

the use of heroes' (plur.) with enemy's (sing.) offers an alternative of difficulties to the interpreter. If 'enemy' refers to Marceau only, then 'heroes' is a somewhat forced application of the generalising plural, and means 'one who was a hero.' If 'heroes' refers to the fact of General Hoche being interred in the same grave with Marceau, then 'enemy' is collective—a harsh use, when only two persons are intended. Marceau, general of the French Republic, whose

heroic spirit was shown both by his daring exploits and his magnanimity, was severely wounded and taken prisoner in an engagement with the forces of the Arch-duke Charles, at Altenkirchen, N. of Coblenz, in 1796. So great was the respect with which his generosity had inspired his opponents, that the Arch-duke himself attended upon him, and when he died a few days after (aged 27), he was buried with military honours in the presence of both armies.

544. *Falling for France*;—in apposition to 'doom'; 'the doom of falling for France': or it may be a pendent participle, 'as he fell.'

551. *The charter to chastise*; —'authority to punish'; the principle enunciated here is, that the assertors of freedom, while they overthrow tyranny and oppression, ought to observe due moderation, and abstain from unnecessary violence.

553. *whiteness*;—'purity,' 'stainlessness.'

554. *Ehrenbreitstein*;—the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein is built on the steep heights on the opposite side of the Rhine to Coblenz, and overlooks that city, and the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, from which Coblenz received its name (Confluentes), and the level ground in the neighbourhood (see l. 559). It was forced by famine to capitulate to the French in 1799, and the fortifications were dismantled after the peace of Lunéville in 1801.

555. *upon her height*;—'in her commanding position.'

556. *of what she was*;—'of what strength, solidity she was.'

557. *her strength*;—abstract for concrete; 'her strong fortifications.'

560. *But Peace destroy'd*;—see note on l. 554.

562. *the iron shower*;—cp. Gray, The Fatal Sisters:

'Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.'

Observe the pathetic contrast between the soft rain and the falling missiles.

566. *thus*;—*sc.* 'as I do.'

567. *the ceaseless vultures*;—conscience; the metaphor is taken from the fables of Prometheus and Tityus, whose vitals were devoured by birds of prey.

569. *nor . . . nor*;—cp. 2. 888.

571. *Is to the mellow Earth, &c.*;—'mellow' is here an anticipatory (*proleptic*) epithet; see Essay on Style, I. *g*. (7), p. 35. The meaning of the passage then is—'where Nature, by its tempered mixture of soft and grand scenery, imparts that mellowness to the earth, which autumn does to the year.' The presence of this epithet excludes the interpretation which in some respects would be easier—'as the autumn is to the year, so the Rhine scenery is to the rest of the earth.' Also, as 'mellow' is the proper epithet of autumn (so Keats, Ode to Autumn,

'Season of mists and *mellow* fruitfulness') it is clear that the comparison turns on this.

573. *There can be no farewell*, &c.;—because, though we may quit the place, the image still remains with us.

574. *thy every hue*;—for 'every hue of thine.'

575. *if reluctantly the eyes resign*, &c.;—*i. e.* 'if reluctantly, yet not ungratefully.'

578. *glaring*;—'brilliant,' in an unfavourable sense.

579. *in one attaching maze*;—'attaching' = 'attractive'; 'maze' = 'intricate combination,' cp. 1. 237.

580. *the glories of old days*;—here begins the enumeration of the objects which make up 'the brilliant, fair, and soft.' Compare the mode of description here with that of Cintra in 1. 243 foll., and see note there.

585. *as*;—for 'as if.'

586. *these withal*;—'with these'; cp. 1. 489.

588. *extend to all*;—*i. e.* 'are enjoyed by peasants as well as by nobles.'

589. *Still springing*, &c.;—'the crops (fertile bounties) continue to spring up along the banks of the river, even though meanwhile neighbouring empires are being overthrown.'

590. *But these recede*;—*i. e.* 'I leave the Rhine country'; for 'recede' in the sense of 'are left behind,' cp. 1. 351, 2. 478.

591. *palaces*;—'grandest abode.' On the influence which Shelley exercised on Byron's conception of Alpine scenery, see note on l. 923.

592. *Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps*;—'have raised their snowy summits high among the clouds.' The metaphors contained in 'pinnacled' and 'scalps' must not be pressed, lest they become irreconcilable; 'pinnacled' suggests a sharp point or *aiguille*, 'scalps' a rounded dome, like the summit of Mont Blanc, which Coleridge (Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Valley of Chamouni) calls 'thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc.'

593. *And throned Eternity in icy halls*;—the 'icy halls' are the recesses of the Alps, valleys and plateaux of ice in the heart of the mountains: Eternity sits enthroned there, *i. e.* all the objects there—rocks, ice, and snow—appear unchanging; the spirit of Immutability is among them.

594. *Of cold sublimity*;—'coldly sublime.'

595. *the thunderbolt of snow*;—cp. Manfred, 1. 1, of Mont Blanc:

'Around his waist are forests braced,
The Avalanche in his hand;
But ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.'

597. *Gather*;—the plural is used, as if 'all things that expand' had preceded; for other instances of irregular agreement of subject and verb see Essay on Style, 3. *e.*, p. 41.

as to shew, &c.;—the meaning is—'the sublimity of Alpine summits shows that earth can rise superior to man'; but here as elsewhere Byron has introduced a mystical element into his reflections on the Alps.

600. *a spot should not be pass'd in vain*;—*i. e.* 'a spot which should not'; for the omission of the relative cp. l. 429, and see Essay on Style, 3. *d.* (3), p. 40. 'In vain' = 'without reflection.'

601. *Morat*;—this place, which lies east of the lake of Neuchâtel, is famous for the great defeat of the Duke of Burgundy by the Swiss, whom he was attacking, in 1476.

603. *Nor blush*;—*sc.* as they would if their cause were unworthy; *theirs* was a patriotic cause.

605. *A bony heap*;—'a heap of bones.' 15,000 dead bodies are said to have been left on the field; these were collected by the Swiss into an ossuary, which was destroyed in 1798 by the soldiers of the Burgundian Legion in the Revolutionary French army. The bones which Byron saw scattered abroad were collected and buried, and an obelisk set up over them, in 1822; see Murray's Handbook of Switzerland, p. 151.

606. *The Stygian coast*, &c.;—the ideas here are all classical, the souls of those whose bodies were unburied being supposed to be unable to cross the Styx and reach the realm of the departed: cp. Archytas, Hor. Od. 1. 28. 23; Palinurus, Virg. Aen. 6. 374.

607. *shriek'd*;—another classical trait; Gr. τρίζω, used of the shade of Patroclus, Hom. Il. 23. 101, of the shades of the suitors, Od. 24. 5; cp. Hor. Sat. 1. 8. 41, 'Umbrae . . . resonarint triste et acutum.'

608, 9. To Byron Waterloo and Cannae were specimens of bloody battles between nations contending for the mastery; Morat and Marathon were fought by patriots in defence of liberty. 45,000 men fell on the Roman side at Cannae.

612. *civic*;—'composed of citizens,' not mercenaries.

613. *All unbought champions*;—'all' is adv.

in no princely cause, &c.;—'in a cause, which was not that of corruption resulting from the vices of princes.'

615. *the blasphemy*;—this consisted in attributing to man what only belongs to God.

616. *Draconic*;—'severe and unbending.' Draco, when appointed to draw up a code of laws for Athens (B.C. 624), affixed the penalty of death to all crimes alike.

617. *a lonelier column*;—this single column, the only one that is standing of the ruins of Aventicum (now Avenches), the ancient capital

of Helvetia, is now called the Cigognier, as the storks build upon it. Avenches is near Morat, hence the connexion with what precedes.

623. *making a marvel that it not decays;*—'making men wonder that it does not decay.' For the *anastrophe*, or inversion of words, in 'not decays' see Essay on Style, 2. *g.*, p. 39.

624. *When the coeval pride*, &c.;—'when the ruins of Aventicum (=Aventicum which is now levelled), the proud buildings of which (work of human hands) were coeval with this column, lie strewn over the lands where it was the capital city.'

626. The circumstances referred to in this stanza are these. In A.D. 69, Caecina, one of the generals of the Roman emperor Vitellius, when he met with resistance from the Helvetii, proceeded to attack Aventicum, and when that city surrendered to him, he put to death one of the chief men of the city, Julius Alpinus, on the charge of having instigated the opposition to the Roman arms (Tac. Hist. 1. 68). Fifteen hundred years later an inscription was reported to have been found there, which ran thus: '*Julia Alpinula hic jaceo, infelicis patris infelix proles, Deae Aventiae sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: male mori in fatis illi erat. Vixi annos* xxiii.' This is now known to have been a forgery of the seventeenth century; fortunately the discovery was not made before Byron had penned these lines. See Murray's Handbook for Switzerland, p. 152.

628. *beneath a claim Nearest to Heav'ns;*—'under the weight of filial affection.'

630. *Justice is sworn*, &c.;—'justice is bound to be uninfluenced by pathetic appeals, and her object was to beg for the life of him who was all in all to her.'

634. *one mind, one heart, one dust;*—*i. e.* their ashes were mingled, as their thoughts and affections were united: 'In their death they were not divided.'

637. *with a just decay;*—'allowing them to perish from memory as they deserve.'

639. *The high, the mountain-majesty;*—'mountain,' though attached by a hyphen to majesty, is equivalent to an adjective, amplifying 'high'; 'the majesty of worth, which is high, nay mountain-high.'

642. *like yonder Alpine snow;*—the sight of the Alpine snow in the sunlight suggests to the poet two points of comparison with filial affection; viz. that it bears, and gains lustre from, the light of day; and that its purity is imperishable. For other instances in which the poet mentions the surroundings in the midst of which he was writing, see note on l. 603.

644. *Lake Leman;*—the Lake of Geneva is the Lacus Lemanus of the Romans.

645. *The mirror where, &c.*;—the next three lines are a poetical inversion of—'the tranquil aspect of the stars and mountains is reflected in detail in the clear water.'

647. *far*;—'distant'; here, as in l. 871, it is used as an adj.

648. *to look through, &c.*;—'for me to be able to estimate and interpret aright the mighty objects.'

650. *Loneliness*;—the solitude of the High Alps.

652. *Ere mingling, &c.*;—'before the society of ordinary men had cramped my thoughts and reduced them to the level of theirs.'

653. For the same sentiment cp. 4. 1598.

656. *Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil*;—there is a confusion of metaphors here between water in a spring and water in a cauldron.

657. *become the spoil Of our infection*;—'are ruined by being infected by others.'

659. *We may deplore*;—'until, perhaps, we deplore'; 'may' marks the result as being contingent.

the coil;—*sc.* the bonds which have been wound round us by fashion and other influences of society.

662–4. *we may plunge our years, &c.*;—'we may make ourselves the victims of remorse for the remainder of our life, and by blighting our souls embitter the springs of enjoyment.'

666–70. Paraphrase thus—'life, which to others is a scene of emulation, to the man who is darkened by remorse is a vain attempt to escape from the past, and from himself, and from the world. The boldest mariners only sail where there are harbours to receive them, while those predestined to evil never find an anchorage or haven of rest.'

669. *wanderers o'er Eternity*;—for a similar expression on Byron's part of the belief that he was predestinated to evil, cp. 4. 300 foll.; and see Introduction, p. 18, and Jeaffreson, The Real Lord Byron, p. 34.

672. *only for its earthly sake*;—*i. e.* independently of mankind, its inhabitants.

673. *the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone*;—the poet is referring to the exit of the river from the lake at Geneva, where the colour of the water and the rapidity of the current are equally remarkable. 'Arrowy'; an arrow is a natural object of comparison for the rapid course of a river; the name 'Tigris' in particular means 'arrow.'

675–7. The image contained in these lines beautifully describes the violent stream of the river being stilled in its passage through the lake.

682. *a feeling*;—'a source of emotion and sympathy'; though the word, as here used, is almost indefinable.

685. *A link reluctant in a fleshly chain*;—'against my will a link in the continuity of animal life, the chain of creation.'

688. *mingle*;—cp. The Siege of Corinth, 11. 7–10:

> 'Who ever gazed upon them shining
> And turn'd to earth without repining,
> Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
> And mix with their eternal ray?'

not in vain;—'not without an exalting influence on the soul.'

689. *I am absorbed*;—as in l. 680, 'I become a portion of that around me.'

690. *the peopled desert*;—because there the soul is alone among a crowd; it is the same as 'the wild world I dwelt in' of l. 798, and the opposite of the 'populous solitude' of l. 950. The idea is fully developed in 2. 226 foll.

694. *which I feel to spring*;—cp. Hor. Od. 2. 20. 9–12.

695. *Though young*, &c.;—this refers to the pinion; 'on delighted wing,' in the next line, refers to 'I.'

698 foll. The feeling of antagonism between the flesh and spirit, which Byron expresses in this passage, is the same which appears in Mänichaeism, in extravagant asceticism, and in other wild forms of philosophical and religious opinion. But the mystical, half pantheistic views, which are expressed throughout this part of the poem, hardly amount to anything more definite than the 'feeling infinite' of l. 842, together with the poetic longing to be identified with what is sublime and beautiful in nature. Their greater prominence in this part of Childe Harold (though similar opinions are stated more obscurely elsewhere), is attributable to Byron's having now for the first time seen the Alps under circumstances which caused them to exercise a peculiar influence over him; and also to his having been in Shelley's company, the effect of which will be noticed below, l. 923.

700. *Reft of its carnal life*, &c.;—the mode of expression here is somewhat confused, but it means 'when the corruptible part of me shall have perished, except what shall pass into the lower creation, and there live a happier life.'

702. *elements to elements*;—dust to dust, spirit to spirit.

705. *the Spirit of each spot*;—for the same sentiment cp. 4. 1239–42.

711. *stem*;—'stand up against'; cp. l. 773.

712. *forego*, &c.;—'give up in exchange for the cold indifference'; 'phlegm' = 'sluggish temperament.'

717. *that which is immediate*;—'a subject directly suggested by the lake of Geneva.' Rousseau, of whom the poet proceeds to speak, was born at Geneva in 1712, and died in 1778. The works by which he is best known are, the Nouvelle Héloïse, a story of two lovers, Saint-Preux and Julie, in the form of letters, the scene of which is chiefly the

head of the lake of Geneva; the Confessions, an autobiography; Émile, a treatise on education; and the Contrat Social, in which his peculiar views on society were developed. The estimate which Byron has given of him here, like that of Bonaparte above, and those of Voltaire and Gibbon below, shows by its discrimination what a shrewd and practical judge of character he was; see Introd. p. 16.

718. *in the urn*;—'in the study of the dead.'

719. *whose dust was once all fire*;—'who, though now dust, was once full of passionate feeling.' For the form of expression cp. Hood, The Forsaken:

> 'And the living weep and sigh
> Over dust that once was love.'

721. *a passing guest Where he became a being*;—this is practically the statement of the previous clause put in an inverted form; 'became a being' = 'was born.'

726. *apostle of affliction*;—'representative teacher of the beauty of sorrow': the term 'apostle' is used of a prominent advocate, *e.g.* the 'apostle of temperance,' 'apostle of free-trade,' &c.

728. *eloquence*;—in the correspondence of the Nouvelle Héloïse.

729. *The breath which made him wretched*;—this implies that to him to live was to be miserable.

yet he knew;—the opposition expressed by 'yet' is between his own wretchedness and his power to beautify various forms of grief.

731. *erring deeds and thoughts*;—the illicit love of Saint-Preux and Julie.

a heavenly hue, &c.;—*i. e.* 'the glamour of his language prevented his readers from seeing the deeds and thoughts in their plain character.'

736. *for to be*, &c.;—'to be in love was for him to be consumed with passion.'

745. *the memorable kiss*;—when Rousseau was the guest of Madame d'Epinay, near Paris, he conceived a violent passion for her sister-in-law, Madame d'Houdetot, and used to take a long walk every morning, in order to receive a kiss of salutation from her; he has narrated this in his Confessions, Bk. 9.

748. *to*;—'responsive to.'

749. *love-devouring*;—'consuming *with* love.'

750. *more blest*;—this refers to the 'spirit.'

751. *with all they seek possest*;—'in the possession of all that they desire': the Greek saying is

ἥδιστον δὲ πέφυχ', οὗ τις ἐρᾷ τὸ τυχεῖν.

753. *self-banished*;—the correspondence with 'self-sought' seems to show that this means 'banished by himself' rather than 'banished from himself,' though in that case 'by him' is somewhat superfluous.

754. *Suspicion's sanctuary;—i.e.* 'a place set apart as the special resort of suspicion.' Rousseau's suspicion was prominently shown in his relations with Hume, the English philosopher and historian, who generously provided him with a home in England, but with whom he quarrelled on account of groundless suspicions. In the latter part of his life this same feeling caused him to think that others were conspiring against him, and produced misanthropy.

755. *sacrifice;—sc.* on the altar of Suspicion; the metaphor contained in 'sanctuary' being thus carried on.

the kind;—the human race.

758. *cause might be,* &c.;—'the cause might be one which medical skill could never discover.'

759. *But he was phrensied;*—repeated from l. 757.

760. *To that worst pitch,* &c.;—'until he reached that dangerous extreme of madness, which is concealed under a semblance of sanity.'

761. *For then he was inspired;*—no writer of the eighteenth century was so influential in bringing about the French Revolution as Rousseau. This arose chiefly from the attractiveness of the views which he propounded in his Contrat Social, and in a work which preceded it, Sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes, in which he maintained the natural equality of all men, and denounced the conditions of society as unjust.

762. *the Pythian's mystic cave;*—as being a seat of prophetic inspiration; see note on l. 651.

765. *which lay before,* &c.;—'who previously lay prostrate, bowed down to bear the long-standing tyranny to which she had been born and bred.' For 'inborn' cp. 4. 842.

768. *till;—sc.* 'till she was.'

his compeers;—Voltaire, Diderot, and other sceptical writers of the Encyclopédie; Rousseau's opinions, however, widely differed from theirs.

770. *They made;—sc.* the French, implied in 'France' above; not Rousseau and 'his compeers,' for it could not be said that they 'overthrew' (l. 774). It would be hard to find a sounder estimate of the French Revolution, its errors and its excuses, than is contained in this and the succeeding stanza.

771. *things which grew,* &c.;—'ideas which grew up, being imbibed by successive generations, like the air they breathed, from the earliest age.'

772. *the veil they rent,* &c.;—the veil was the sense of awe which enveloped ancient institutions, such as the idea of the divine right of kings; when this was withdrawn, posterity would estimate those institutions by their own merits.

775. *ruins, wherewith to rebuild;*—the meaning is—'the overthrow of

society led to a reaction, which resulted in political repression (dungeons), in the empire of Napoleon, and in the restoration of the Bourbons (thrones).' The same view is still more strongly expressed in 4. 865 foll.

778. *because ambition was self-will'd;*—nothing but pure motives in the rulers could maintain a state of society established on first principles.

779. *But this;*—*sc.* the renewal of tyranny.

782. *have they dealt On one another;*—'dealt on' differs from 'dealt with' in implying the idea of 'attack.'

783. *to melt;*—probably trans., 'to melt men's hearts.'

785. *caved;*—'incarcerated.'

786. *nourish'd with the day;*—'reared in the sunshine.'

788. This stanza deals with what seemed to the poet the prospective results of the French Revolution. The meaning of the first five lines is —'wounds, even those inflicted on men's feelings (the heart's), close at last (*i.e.* political tranquillity has been re-established, notwithstanding the violent struggles that preceded), but the ghastly scar remains in witness of the past (*i.e.* the revolutionary party remember their wrongs), and (the wound will open afresh, for) those who for the time are silenced are only waiting their opportunity.'

793. *Fix'd Passion;*—'fix'd,' from intensity of resolve; observe the magnificent personification here.

795. *It came, it cometh, and will come;*—'throughout all history—past, present, and future—there is a time of retribution.'

796. *in one;*—in *which*, can be gathered from the attitude of 'fix'd Passion.'

797. *thy contrasted lake,* &c.;—'thy lake, by its contrast with the wild world, &c.' For the *anastrophe* see Essay on Style, 2. *g.*, p. 39.

801. *This quiet sail;*—the poet here supposes himself to be sailing on the lake.

804. *a Sister's voice;*—he is thinking of the sister to whom he addressed the Drachenfels song.

806 foll. The description here is all the more picturesque, because no objects are mentioned in detail; there are clear outlines, and subdued lights and shadows, except towards the west, where the contrast with the sunset lights makes the mountain-sides appear darker, and consequently steeper, from the slopes being concealed. The range of the Jura is to the west of the lake of Geneva.

809. *capt;*—with cloud.

810. *drawing near;*—probably this is a pendent participle; 'as we draw near.'

812. Notice the beautiful pause after the seventh syllable, which is frequent in this part of the poem; cp. ll. 792, 802, 829, 849, 863.

816. *an infancy*;—'as gay as an infant's'; cp. Keble, Christian Year, Second Sunday after Epiphany:

'The heart of childhood is all mirth.'

819 foll. There is an exquisite play of the imagination here, in first suggesting a mystic whisper of Nature, and then negativing the suggestion because of the silence which accompanies the dewfall.

820. *the starlight dews*;—'dews which fall by starlight'; this is true to nature, because it is especially on cloudless nights that dew is formed. Cp. 4. 535, where similar ideas to those in this passage are expressed.

821. *All silently*;—the stress is on this.

822. *till they infuse*, &c.;—the meaning of this mystical passage apparently is—'the dews borrow from Nature herself—from the sky, stars, &c.—the hues which they infuse into her bosom, to reappear as bright starry flowers, &c.'

√824 foll. The reference throughout this stanza is to astrology—to predicting events in history, and taking men's horoscopes, by the stars. The skies are here regarded as a book, the pages of which are inscribed with bright characters—the stars; these are 'the poetry of heaven;' *i.e.* beautiful, suggestive, inspiring tokens in the sky: and men are naturally tempted to interpret them, as if they belonged to the book of destiny. 'Your bright leaves' = 'the pages on which you are brightly inscribed.' The whole passage may be paraphrased thus—('Ye stars, that are the characters in which the poetic intimations of the skies are written; when we try to divine the fortunes of men and nations from the pages of the book on which you are brightly inscribed, it is pardonable that in aspiring after greatness we thus endeavour to prove that our destinies are connected with your movements, because your mysterious beauty is so attractive and so awe-inspiring.')

828. *o'erleap their mortal state*;—*sc.* by claiming kindred with you who are not mortal.

831. *from afar*;—'from the high heavens.'

832. *That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star*;—the following passages are instances of this:—'fortune.' 2. 358; 3. 342; 4. 1562: 'fame,' 3. 96: 'power,' Numb. 24. 17, 'There shall come a *star* out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel': 'life,' Shelley, Adonais, 55. 8, 'The soul of Adonais, like a *star*'; Wordsworth, Intimations of Immortality, 'The soul that rises with us, our life's *star*.'

841. *Of that*;—*sc.* that Power: notwithstanding the half-pantheistic feeling expressed in much of what precedes, the word 'Creator' here cannot be interpreted otherwise than of a personal God; cp. 1. 1014.

842. *the feeling infinite*;—'the sense of infinity.'

844. *through our being then doth melt*;—'then pervades us.'

847. *Eternal harmony;*—an idea like 'the music of the spheres.'

848. *Cytherea's zone;*—the girdle or *cestus* of Venus, which had the power of inspiring love for the wearer: in Hom. Il. 14. 214, Hera borrows it (*κεστὸν ἱμάντα*) from Aphrodite in order to win the love of Zeus.

849. *Binding all things with beauty;*—the poet disregards the real use of the *cestus*, which has just been mentioned, and treats it as captivating what it surrounded.

851. *Not vainly;*—'not without good reason.'

the early Persian;—see Herod. 1. 131, *οἱ δὲ νομίζουσι Διῒ μὲν, ἐπὶ τὰ ὑψηλότατα τῶν οὐρέων ἀναβαίνοντες, θυσίας ἔρδειν, τὸν κύκλον πάντα τοῦ οὐρανοῦ Δία καλέοντες.*

857. *Goth;*—for 'Gothic.'

859. *fond;*—'foolishly valued'; a rare use, because it is applied to the object; generally this epithet belongs to the subject, as in l. 883, 'affectionate;' l. 445, 'foolishly kind;' 3. 99, 'self-indulgent.'

860. *The sky is changed;*—in the boat expedition which Byron made in Shelley's company round the lake, the two poets were nearly lost in a storm (see Introd. p. 13); but the storm described in this passage occurred at an earlier date, viz. on June 13, 1816.

868. *the joyous Alps;*—perhaps the finest thing in this famous passage is the element of Titanic revelry which is introduced into it—'joyous Alps,' 'fierce delight,' 'glee,' 'mountain-mirth,' 'play.' The lake of Geneva lies between the Alps and the Jura.

871. *far;*—this refers rather to the extent of the storm than to its distance from the spectator.

878. The reference is to the valley in the neighbourhood of the Perte du Rhône at Bellegarde below Geneva: this was visible from Byron's residence on the lake.

879. *Heights which appear as lovers who have parted;*—there can be little doubt that in writing these lines Byron had in his mind the following passage in Coleridge's Christabel, of which poem he often expressed his admiration:

'They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

880. *whose mining depths;*—the epithet 'mining' strictly applies to

'hate'; the 'mining depths' are the gulf or ravine formed by the undermining power of hatred, which saps the foundations.

885. *Itself expired*;—a participial clause.

886. *war within themselves to wage*;—*sc.* the war of self-accusation.

887. *Now, where*, &c.;—resumed from l. 878.

889. *For here*;—referring to the entire scene, in contrast to the Rhone valley.

892. *hath fork'd His lightnings*;—*i.e.* 'hath hurled his forked lightnings.'

894. *That in such gaps*, &c.;—'that gorges rent open by a destructive force were suitable scenes for the operation of lightning.'

898. *To make these felt and feeling*;—'to make me feel them, and to invest them with emotions.'

899. *the far roll*, &c.;—'the distant sound of the departing storm sounds like a signal-bell, which calls up the feelings that haunt me when I have time for thought. The tempests of the soul never find repose; is it so with the departing storm?'

905. *embody and unbosom*;—'definitely conceive and put into words.'

906. *wreak My thoughts upon expression*;—'force my thoughts into the form of language': 'wreak' is regularly used either for 'to revenge,' or for 'to execute something,' *e.g.* vengeance; but etymologically it means 'to drive' or 'force,' hence the use here.

910. *feel, and yet breathe*;—*i.e.* 'feelings which might well kill me, but do not.'

923. The village of Clarens, near Vevey, towards the head of the lake of Geneva, is situated in the midst of vineyards on sloping ground near the shore, and commands beautiful views of the lake and the mountains which here hem it in, conspicuous among which are the glaciers of the Dent du Midi. It has been elaborately described by Rousseau in the Nouvelle Héloïse. Byron visited Clarens in Shelley's company, and this passage, more than any other in Childe Harold, gives evidence of his influence. In a note to this stanza the following passage occurs—'The feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.' In this, as Moore (Life, p. 317) and Dr. Karl Elze (Life of Lord Byron, p. 209) have remarked, Shelley's pantheism of love is distinctly to be traced.

924. *passionate*;—here pronounced as a disyllable.

927. *rose-hues*;—the 'after-glow' of the Alps.

929. *permanent*; —*i.e.* 'notwithstanding their hard, unchanging nature'; pronounced as a disyllable.

who sought, &c.;—best explained by ll. 962 foll.

935. *so shown*;—this explains 'pervading'—'for he is manifested thus not solely, &c.'

940. *passes*;—'surpasses.'

944. *Which slope his green path*;—*i.e.* 'form a green sloping path for him.' Tennyson (The Daisy, ll. 9, 10) describes a vineyard in a steeper position by—

> 'How richly down the rocky dell
> The *torrent vineyard* streaming fell.'

945. *bow'd*;—'approaching him reverently.'

949. *populous solitude*;—for the *oxymoron* here, and in l. 690, 'peopled desert,' see Essay on Style, 2. *a.*, p. 36. Here it produces a pleasing effect of surprise, and is explained immediately afterwards.

951. *fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things*;—*e.g.* butterflies and other insects.

956. *the bud which brings*, &c.;—'flower-buds, which more readily than anything else suggest the idea of beauty'; beautiful objects in themselves, suggesting other hidden charms.

958. *unto one mighty end*;—*viz.* to be the most perfect manifestation of Love to men.

959. *hath loved not*;—cp. 'which not forsakes,' l. 293, and Essay on Style, 2. *g.*, p. 39.

963. *from those*;—*i.e.* from vain men and the world.

964. *For 'tis his nature*;—the connexion with what precedes is—'he cannot stay among them, because they check his growth; for, &c.'

965. *or decays, or grows*;—on 'or . . . or' see l. 136.

967. *the immortal lights*;—the heavenly bodies.

968. *'Twas not for fiction*;—Rousseau, in his 'Confessions,' Bk. 4, quoted by Byron in a note, says—'Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un Saint-Preux.'

969. *Peopling it with affections*;—'making it the scene of human loves.'

971. *purified*;—another harsh disyllable.

977. *Lausanne! and Ferney!*;—Lausanne, on the north side of the lake, was the residence of Gibbon at the time that he was writing his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (completed A.D. 1787). Ferney, near Geneva, was the residence of Voltaire (d. 1778). Both of these writers attacked Christianity.

978. *Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;*—'of men whose fame made their dwelling-places famous.'

979. *Mortals;*—in contrast to 'perpetuity' below.

981. *gigantic minds;*—the comparison to the Giants and Titans warring against the Gods is hinted at in 'gigantic,' expressed in 'Titan-like,' and developed in what follows.

steep;—'arduous,' but with the idea of an ascent to be scaled.

982. *on daring doubts*, &c.;—Voltaire and Gibbon based their attacks on religion ('thoughts which should call down thunder') on sceptical doubts: this is compared to Titans trying to scale the height of heaven by piling Pelion on Ossa and Olympus, as Homer has it (Od. 11. 315), or Olympus on Ossa and Pelion, as Virgil (Georg. 1. 281).

983. *and the flame*, &c.;—'assail'd' is a participle; 'and [should call down] the flame of Heaven, which they again assailed, as the Titans had done before.'

986. *The one;*—Voltaire.

a child Most mutable;—'as changeable as a child.'

989. *Historian, bard, philosopher;*—Voltaire's works are too numerous for even the chief of them to be here enumerated; but under the heads here mentioned may be noticed his Histoire de Charles XII, Siècle de Louis XIV, and Siècle de Louis XV; his dramas and Henriade; and his Dictionnaire Philosophique.

990. *He multiplied*, &c.;—'he displayed himself in manifold aspects to men, being able from his versatility to exercise first one and then another of human talents.' Proteus was the sea-deity, who had the power of assuming a great variety of shapes.

991. *but his own*, &c.;—'his own talent (his special vein) breathed most (chiefly expressed itself) in ridicule (in the form of satire).'

992. *as the wind;*—St. John 3. 8.

994. *shake a throne;*—'attack the principles of monarchy.'

995. *The other;*—Gibbon.

997. *with learning wrought*, &c.;—'used learning as his implement, and gave it a trenchant edge of irony.'

999. *Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;*—independently of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon's History, which are a direct attack on Christianity, the work throughout, especially the notes, is interspersed with sneers at religion. Observe the antithetical use of the epithet 'solemn;' see Essay on Style, 1. *g*. (5), p. 35.

1003. *Which answers to all doubts;*—*i.e.* denunciation is often made to serve in place of argument. The attack which is best known is that of Travis, on account of Porson's reply, in which he strikes obliquely at Gibbon.

1010. *Which*;—*sc.* the dust.

1018. *I must pierce them*;—'I must pass through the clouds.'

1020. *great and growing region*;—'extensive region where they are formed.'

1021. *The earth to her embrace*, &c.;—a poetical mode of expressing the physical fact that clouds and storms are attracted by high mountains.

1022. *looking on thee*;—pendent participle; 'as we look on thee.' Observe that this is the first stanza in which as many as six double rhymes occur.

1024. *Since*;—'from the time when.'

1027. *the throne and grave of empires*;—*e. g.* the Roman empire, the Gothic kingdom (A.D. 493–554), the Lombard kingdom (568–774), and subsequent ones.

1028. *the fount*, &c.;—*sc.* the Latin language and literature, Roman law, &c.

1031. *in a theme*, &c.;—the theme is 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'; the unfavourable auspices are the state of mind and feelings described immediately below.

1038. *tyrant spirit*;—'predominating influence.'

1042. *fleet along*;—'pass before me'; similarly scenes which are left behind are said to 'recede,' l. 590.

1051. *its idolatries*;—'the objects of its idolatry'; for similar uses of abstract for concrete terms, see Essay on Style, 2. *d.*, p. 38.

1052. *coin'd*;—this word expresses the artificiality of the process.

1053. *an echo*;—*sc.* praise thoughtlessly repeated.

1056. *and still could*;—*sub.* 'have stood.'

1058. *Had I not filed my mind*;—'filed' = 'defiled.' Byron's note quotes Macbeth, 3. 1. 64:

'If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind,'

i. e. 'polluted my conscience.'

1061. *which are things*;—'which have realities corresponding to them.'

1065. *That two, or one*, &c.;—the severity of this passage is deepened by the studied moderation with which the opinion is professedly stated, and by the concession in favour of society being first limited to 'one,' and then qualified by 'almost.' For similar instances of progressive limitation cp. 2. 816; 4. 1117.

1067. *begun*;—for 'began'; cp. 1. 85.

1071. *To whom the shadows of far years extend*;—in the lines which follow this the poet conceives of his daughter as surviving him, and hearing at that distance, through his poems, the sound of his voice. The idea, then, contained in this line seems to be that of lengthening

shadows projected to a distance, and it means that 'the dim remembrance (shadows) of his life which will then be past (far years) will reach her in the future (extend to her).' According to this interpretation, 'far' is regarded from the daughter's point of view, looking back; if it is regarded from the writer's own point of view, then 'far years' means 'years projected into the future,' and the epithet more properly belongs to 'shadows.'

1075. *A token*;—'a memorial' or 'reminder'; cp. the Incantation in Manfred, I. I:—

'Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a *sign*.'

1083. *this was in my nature*;—on Byron's love of children see note on l. 481.

1087. *a spell*;—'a dangerous, mysterious influence.'

still;—'even after the lapse of time.'

1088. *a broken claim*;—Byron's name would be a 'claim,' as implying the duty of filial love; 'broken,' because the tie was supposed to be severed.

1092. *And an attainment*;—'and though that aim were attained.'

1093. *that more than life*;—'that influence, love, which is more than life.'

1097. *such are around thee*;—'thou art environed by these elements.'

CANTO IV.

Line 1. For the circumstances under which this Canto was composed, see Introduction, p. 14. The original notes, as Byron tells us in his Dedication, were mainly contributed by Hobhouse. The poet plunges at once into his subject, without invocation, as in Cantos 1 and 2, or explanation about himself, as in 3.

in Venice;—he conceives himself as surrounded by the glories of the city.

the Bridge of Sighs;—a covered stone bridge, which was built high above a narrow canal, and communicated between the ducal palace and the state prisons. It received its name from the custom of conducting condemned prisoners across it to be executed.

2. *A palace*, &c.;—the clause is absolute, and the verb or participle is suppressed.

4. *As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand*;—'like a creation of magic rather than of human hands.'

5. *A thousand years their cloudy wings expand*;—the buildings of Venice call up the dim memories of her past history. By a magnificent conception, the ages rise before the mind's eye, 'shadowing with wings.' For a similar idea cp. 2. 18, where the memory of the former greatness of Athens is described by—'o'er each mouldering tower . . . *gray flits the shade* of power.'

7. *many a subject land*;—in the 15th century Venice possessed the Dalmatian coast, a large number of the Greek islands, including Crete and Negroponte, and other territories.

8. *Look'd to*;—'waited for the commands of.'

the winged Lion;—the Lion of St. Mark, which was the emblem of Venice; cp. 1. 95.

9. *her hundred isles*;—the islands on which Venice is built, separated from one another by narrow canals, and joined by innumerable bridges, are 117 in number.

10. *a sea Cybele*;—'sea' = 'maritime,' and was added because Cybele was the goddess of the earth. She was represented as wearing a mural crown, and the idea here is that of such a crown ('tiara of proud towers') rising above the surface of the sea. Byron quotes Sabellicus the Italian historian (A.D. 1500), as comparing Venice to 'turritam telluris imaginem medio oceano figuratam.' The pronunciation of Cybele here is strange and unusual; but both in Greek and Latin the name of this goddess was written and pronounced in a variety of ways, so that Cybĕle, Cybelle, and Cybēbe are found, and there is some authority for Cybēle. Possibly Byron, as he was writing in Italy, was influenced by the Italian pronunciation of the name, which is Cibéle (Fr. Cybèle).

12. *At airy distance*;—softened by distance; a painter would say 'in aerial perspective.' Observe that the point of view is shifted from that of the last stanza.

with majestic motion;—an amplification of the idea contained in 'rising.'

13. *their powers*;—not so much the marine divinities as, in a less definite sense, 'their influences,' *sc.* power of bestowing wealth, greatness, &c.

19. *Tasso's echoes are no more*;—'Tasso's poetry is no longer recited.' Before Venice lost its independence in 1797, the gondoliers or Venetian boatmen used to be familiarly acquainted with Tasso, and to recite alternately stanzas from his Gerusalemme Liberata.

22. *not always now*;—implying that there was a time when music was never absent from Venice.

24. *Nature doth not die*;—'Nature,' as applied to a city, must mean the external aspect of things, corresponding to 'Beauty' in the preceding line.

25. *dear*;—*sc.* to the nations.

27. *masque*;—'fancy-ball,' 'carnival,' 'scene of unrestrained gaiety.'

30. *whose dim forms despond*;—*i. e.* the shadowy forms of her great men of old look on in sorrow, now that her empire is past.

31. *dogeless*;—the office of doge, or chief officer of the Venetian Republic, was abolished when the city ceased to be free, in 1797.

33. *the Rialto*;—a bridge of a single arch, which spans the Grand Canal near the middle of its length; it is specially mentioned here because Shakspere refers to it.

Shylock and the Moor, And Pierre;—the chief characters in Shakspere's Merchant of Venice and Othello, and the Venice Preserved of Otway (died 1685). 'Pierre' is pronounced as a monosyllable.

35. *the arch*;—*sc.* of the Rialto.

37. *The beings of the mind*, &c.;—this remark is suggested by what precedes, viz. that Venice exists imperishably for us in the works of genius to which it has given rise.

38. *they create*, &c.;—'works of imagination implant in our souls an element of brightness, which diffuses itself and renders life more welcome.'

40. *that which*;—*i. e.* this element of brightness.

42. *spirits*;—this word is frequently, as here, a monosyllable in poetry, as if pronounced 'sprite.'

43. *First exiles*, &c.;—'first drives away painful thoughts, and then takes their place.'

46. *Such is the refuge*, &c.;—youth takes refuge in the creatures of the imagination in order to escape from deceptive hope, age to escape from its own dulness.

48. *peoples many a page*;—'originates the characters and ideas, which are the subject of many poems.'

52. *our*;—that of the poets.

53. *strange constellations*;—'wild and brilliant combinations of ideas.'

55. *I saw or dream'd of such*;—the poet is thinking of his early friends; but especially of his early love.

57. *are now but so*;—'are now no more than dreams.'

58. *replace them*;—'call them up before my mind's eye.'

59. *aptly*;—a more forcible way of saying 'just such.'

62. *phantasies*;—see note on 3. 58.

63. *surround*;—*sub.* me.

64. *taught me*;—for similar reflexive forms cp. 1. 28, 'bask'd him,' 1. 923, 'breathe her.'

in strange eyes, &c.;—'have become naturalised among foreigners.'

66. *is itself*;—'is self-sufficing.'

73. *Perhaps I loved it well*;—the sequence here is irregular after what

precedes. Byron, though living abroad, had not given up all hope of making England his home; so he says 'even though I should cease to make England my home, yet perhaps [it may be found that] I loved it well.' The point of view is shifted in the middle of the sentence.

75. *resume it*;—'reclaim my right to it.'

76. *twine*;—'associate;' cp. l. 545.

77. *in my line*;—'in my lineage;' cp. l. 1145.

78. *too fond and far*, &c.;—for 'fondly tend too far'; 'scope' ='aim,' 'aim at what is beyond their reach'; on 'fond' see note on 3. 99.

81. *hasty growth and blight*;—for 'hasty growth and sudden blight.' The adj. 'hasty' is used with unequal propriety with the two substantives; see Essay on Style, 3. *f.*, p. 41.

82. *the temple*;—the temple of Fame; cp. Beattie's Minstrel, 1. 1. 2:
'The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.'

84. *light the laurels*;—'let the laurels light.'

85. *the Spartan's epitaph*;—this was the answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedaemonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son; Plutarch, Lycurg. c. 25.

91. *The spouseless Adriatic*;—it was the annual custom on Ascension Day for the doge to proceed in the Bucentaur vessel, and symbolically wed the Adriatic, in token of maritime supremacy, by throwing a ring into it; cp. Wordsworth, Sonnet on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic:

'And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.'

92. *annual marriage*, &c.;—a pendent participial clause, for 'her annual marriage being, &c.'

94. *Neglected garment*, &c.;—*i. e.* cast aside like a bridal garment now that she is a widow.

95. *where he stood*;—the winged lion of St. Mark, which was the emblem of Venice (see l. 8), stood on the top of a column in the Piazzetta at Venice. It was transported for a time to Paris by the French.

97. *the proud Place where an Emperor sued*;—the Piazza of St. Mark. In 1177 the German emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, of the House of Suabia ('The Suabian,' l. 100) or Hohenstaufen, made submission to the pope, Alexander III, by prostrating himself at his feet in front of the church of St. Mark.

100. *now the Austrian reigns*;—Venice, which had been held by Austria from 1797 to 1805, when it became part of Bonaparte's kingdom of Italy, was again ceded to that power in 1814, and remained subject to it until 1866.

102. *Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces*;—*i.e.* Venetia, which was once an independent state, is now a province of the Austrian dominions.

chains Clank, &c.;—*i.e.* cities which once bore rule are now in slavery.

103. *nations melt*, &c.;—the poet passes to a general sentiment: the simile of the avalanche, though not yet introduced, is anticipated in the metaphorical language, the idea being that of snow and ice detached from an Alpine peak by the sun's heat. The 'sunshine' is prosperity.

106. *lauwine*;—Germ. for 'avalanche.'

the mountain's belt;—cp. 'Around his *waist*,' quoted in note to 3. 595.

107. *Oh for one hour*, &c.;—'oh that one could bring back for a moment the heroic days of Venice.'

blind old Dandolo;—the Venetian attack on Constantinople (Byzantium) in 1204, when the city was captured by the Crusaders in the Fourth Crusade, was headed by the Doge, Henry Dandolo, who was more than 80 years of age, and blind.

109. *his steeds of brass*;—four horses in bronze gilt, which surmount the portal of St. Mark's church. They were brought from Constantinople by Dandolo.

111. *Doria's menace*;—in 1379, when the Venetians were reduced to great straits by the Genoese, and offered to submit to any terms provided their independence was left to them, the Genoese commander, Peter Doria, replied: 'Ye shall have no peace until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, which are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark.'

113. *Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done*;—the foundation of Venice dates from the invasion of Italy by the Huns under Attila, A.D. 452, when many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts took refuge in the islands in the lagoons. 'Done' = 'ended.'

114. *sinks*;—this refers to the subsidence of the buildings owing to their being supported on piles; cp. Shelley's Lines written among the Euganean Hills:

'Sun-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey.'

into whence;—for the omission of the antecedent cp. ll. 193, 486.

115. *Better be*;—'it is better for her to be.'

117. *From whom*, &c.;—'whom by her submission she with difficulty persuades to allow her to remain unmolested.'

118. *a new Tyre*;—as being the great commercial city of the Middle Ages; so Tyre is called 'the Venice of antiquity.'

119. *Her very by-word*;—'by-word' is here used, not in its usual

meaning of 'current or proverbial expression,' but like 'by-name' for 'fancy title,' 'nick-name.' Byron in a note explains 'Planter of the Lion' to be 'the lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.' Pantaleon was a common baptismal name amongst the Venetians, and so was used by the other Italians as a nick-name for a Venetian; thus it passed into the name of a character in Italian comedy (Webster's Dict.). The meaning then is—'Even the nick-name derived from her,' *sc.* Pantaloon, 'carries in its etymology an echo of her past triumphs.' (See p. 336.)

120. *which;—sc.* the standard of the Lion.

122. *Though making many slaves;*—'though making many [peoples or cities] slaves.'

123. *the Ottomite;*—the Ottoman Turks; for the form of the name cp. Shakspere, Othello, 1. 3. 33, 233.

124. *Troy's rival, Candia;* –the town of that name on the northern coast of Crete. The siege of Troy lasted ten years; the Venetians defended Candia against the Turks for twenty-four years.

125. *Lepanto's fight;*—see note on 2. 356. The Venetians contributed a large force to the squadron that fought on that occasion.

127. *Statues of glass,* &c.;—this is a comparison; 'the array of her Doges, like glass statues, which have all been broken.' 'File'='succession' 'line.'

128. *are declined;*—'have fallen away.' Obs. the plur. 'are' used with sing. 'file,' for 'file' can hardly be regarded as a noun of multitude. It is as if it were—'her dead Doges, all that long array, are.' For other instances of irregular agreement of subject and verb see Essay on Style, 3. *e.*, p. 41.

130. *the pageant of their splendid trust;*—'the gorgeous accompaniments of their splendid office.'

133. *foreign aspects;—sc.* Austrian soldiers and officials.

134. *who and what;*—'what sovereign and what power.'

137. *the yoke of war;*—'yoke of war' is strictly a Roman rather than a Greek expression, derived from the custom of making vanquished enemies pass under the yoke (*sub jugum mittere*); the Greeks used the expression ζυγὸν δουλείας, which is rather what is meant here.

138. *Redemption rose up,* &c.;—the story is told by Plutarch in his Life of Nicias, c. 29, that after the final defeat of the Athenian force in Sicily, in B.C. 413, some of the captives obtained their freedom by reciting passages from the tragedies of Euripides.

139. *Her voice,* &c.;—the participle, perhaps 'being,' is understood.

from afar;—sc. from Athens; the voice of the Attic Muse served instead of a ransom from Athens.

142. *his idle scimitar;*—'idle' in contrast to 'starts': the sword which hung from his belt unused for warlike purposes, is suddenly drawn to sever his captives' bonds. 'Scimitar' for any sword, cp. 1. 895.

144. *for freedom and his strains;*—'for freedom won by his strains.'

147. *choral memory;*—'remembrance made by singing his verses'; see l. 19.

149. *ties thee to;*—'renders thee the bondslave of.'

153. *think of thine, despite thy watery wall;*—'think how thy fall may come, notwithstanding the defence of the sea,' *i.e.* thy insular position.

155. *of the heart;*—'affectionately cherished.'

156. *water-columns;*— the 'ascending column' of a waterspout.

157. *Of joy the sojourn*, &c.;—'I pictured her as the home of enjoyments and the centre of commerce.'

158. *Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art;*—dramas or stories, the scene of which is laid in Venice. For Shakspere and Otway see note on l. 33; the other compositions referred to are The Mysteries of Udolpho, a novel by Mrs. Radcliffe (died 1823), and Der Geisterseher, a story by Schiller (died 1805).

160. *thus;*—as she is now, neglected and enslaved.

we did not part;—*i.e.* I did not leave her.

161. *Perchance even dearer;*—there is no exact construction; supply 'she was to me.'

163. *I can repeople;*—*sc.* the 'empty halls' and 'thin streets' of ll. 132, 133.

165. *meditation chasten'd down;*—as Wordsworth would say—'an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality' (Ode on Intimations of Immortality): the expression here is contrasted with more ardent expectations.

168. *the web of my existence;*—life is here regarded as a texture of many colours.

172. The argument of the five succeeding stanzas is as follows: St. 20. Suffering develops powerful minds. St. 21. Even though grief take deep root within us, yet life can and should be endured with fortitude. St. 22. Acute suffering at last ceases, leaving different effects according to the nature of the character. Stt. 23, 24. But there are moments when the old pain, though mastered, reasserts itself.

tannen;—Germ. for 'fir-trees'; Byron's note speaks of it as a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, but it is the usual name for that tree. Byron did not know German; see Moore's Life, p. 447.

180. *the mind may grow the same;*—'the mind may similarly be developed by the desolation and agony of life.'

182. *life and sufferance;*—'a suffering life.' The meaning of the passage is—'life, though identified with grief, may have firm hold upon us.'

185. *the wolf dies in silence;*—Byron's authority for this statement was

probably Goldsmith, who says (quoting from Buffon) in his History of Animals, Bk. 4, ch. 2, 'The Wolf': 'When surrounded by the peasants, and attacked with clubs, he never howls as a dog under correction, but defends himself in silence, and dies as hard as he lived.'

189. *May temper it to bear*;—to temper a thing is to qualify or modify it, generally by adding some ingredient; hence the meaning is—'we can introduce a hardening element into the clay of which we are composed.'

190. *All suffering*, &c.;—suffering, like fire, if it does not consume the sufferer, has to be stamped out by him.

192. *rebuoy'd*;—buoyed up anew.

193. *to whence*;—see Essay on Style, 3. *d.* (3), p. 41.

with like intent, And weave their web again;—'return to the same purpose, and pursue the same plans, which had been interrupted by their calamity.'

196. *the reed*;—*sc.* the frail support of hope.

197. *good*;—'virtuous deeds.'

207. *the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound*;—*i.e.* an influence pervading us, which, when touched by that to which it responds, communicates a shock to our whole nature. Electricity is a frequent source of metaphors to express sudden communication of feeling; cp. l. 1546. 'Darkly' = 'mysteriously.'

208. *And how and why*;—*sub.* 'this has happened.'

209. *to its cloud*;—'to its origin or source,' as the cloud is the source from which the lightning springs.

lightning of the mind;—the electric current which produces the shock.

210. *feel the shock renew'd*;—'are conscious that the original shock has been renewed.'

213. *deem of*;—'are thinking of,' 'are expecting'; an unusual sense of the word.

214. *bind*;—restrain within their graves.

215. *The cold, the changed, perchance the dead*;—this is the enumeration of 'the spectres'; 'those alienated from us by estrangement or by change of character, or, it may be, separated from us by death.'

anew;—this goes with 'calls up,' l. 213.

216. *The mourn'd, the loved, the lost*;—all these refer to 'the dead'—'those whom we have loved and lost and mourned.' The reason of the inversion of the words seems to be, that the mention of the dead suggests the thought of their being 'mourn'd,' while 'loved and lost' forms as it were a compound idea.

too many;—because of the pain caused by their loss.

217. *But my soul wanders*;—for the mode of transition cp. 3. 716. The poet now prepares to leave Venice and visit other famous places in Italy. For the course of his journey see Introd. p. 14.

220. *o'er a land*;—'while passing over a land.'

223. *master-mould*;—'most perfect type'; the metaphor of a mould or matrix is carried out in the following line.

226. *commonwealth of kings*;—'a republic, whose citizens were kings.'

229. *decree*;—'ordain to be produced'; *i.e.* 'all the products of Nature.'

230. *thy desert*;—*i.e.* 'thy uncultivated state.'

235. The description of sunset which follows serves as a sort of interlude between the subject of Venice and that of the other Italian cities. The point of view is the mainland opposite Venice, where the river Brenta enters the sea. This is the nearest approach to word-painting that can be found in the poem; but it avoids the faults of that mode of description—which is an encroachment on the painter's art, an attempt to do what painting can do better—by omitting detail, and by describing what is seen in succession of time, which the painter cannot do. See further what is said in the note on the Dying Gladiator, l. 1252.

238. *blue Friuli's mountains*;—for 'the blue mountains of Friuli,' by transposition of the epithet (*hypallage*); see Essay on Style, 2. *c.*, p. 37. By 'Friuli's mountains' are meant the Julian Alps, which form an arc from behind Trieste to the neighbourhood of Verona; and the term must be taken in its widest acceptation, for the mountains intended are evidently those to the west of Venice, while Friuli itself (the ancient Forum Julii) is to the north-east of that city. The same chain, or higher summits beyond, are called in l. 247, 'the far Rhaetian hill,' *i.e.* the Tyrol.

240. *Melted to one vast Iris of the West*;—'fused into rainbow-tints which extend over the western sky.'

241. *joins the past Eternity*;—the idea is, that each day at its close ceases to be a span of time, and is merged in the sum of all past time.

242. *on the other hand*;—'towards the east.'

meek Dian's crest;—the pale crescent moon.

243. *an island of the blest*;—like one of the μακάρων νῆσοι of the Greeks, which were the habitation of noble spirits after death. In the Siege of Corinth, 11. 5, Byron speaks of the heaven as 'bespangled with those *isles* of light.'

246. *Yon sunny sea*;—the sunlit line of clouds; 'heaves' and 'roll'd' carry out the same idea.

248. *as*;—'as if.'

249. *reclaim'd her order*;—required her order to be observed, by day giving way to night.

250. *deep-dyed*;—*sc.* by the colours of the sky, as is explained in the next two lines.

their hues;—those of the objects before mentioned—the clouds, sky, moon, &c.

252. *glass'd*;—'reflected': cp. 3. 117.

253. *Fill'd with the face of heaven*;—*i.e.* the Brenta is flooded with the reflection of the sky.

255. *From the rich sunset*;—strictly—'from [that of] the rich sunset.'

262. *Arqua*;—the village of Arquà, where Petrarch passed the latter part of his life (died 1374), is about twelve miles from Padua, in the midst of the Euganean Hills, a group of fertile and gracefully shaped volcanic cones, rising out of the plain. There his tomb, his house, and his favourite fountain, are shown.

263. *Pillar'd in their sarcophagus*;—'pillar'd' = 'supported on pillars.' Petrarch's sarcophagus, which stands in the open air in front of the church at Arquà, is supported on four pilasters. He was buried inside the church, and this tomb, to which his remains were transferred, was erected subsequently by his son-in-law.

264. *Laura's lover*;—Laura, who was the object of Petrarch's passion, and whom he celebrated in his lyrical poems, was a lady of Avignon.

266. *of his genius*;—'attracted by his genius.'

267. *To raise a language*;—Dante more than any one else may be said to have created the Italian language, for it was his poem especially that made it a classical language instead of a number of dialects; but both Petrarch and Boccaccio (see l. 517) had their share in the work.

and his land reclaim;—his famous Odes, addressed to Rienzi and to the Nobles of Italy, deal with the subject of Italian freedom and unity; he especially denounces the introduction of the mercenary Companies or Condottieri.

269, 70. *watering the tree*, &c.;—the tree is the laurel, Ital. *lauro*. Petrarch often plays on the resemblance between this and the name Laura, *e.g.* in Sestina 2, 'Giovane donna sott' un verde lauro,' where it recurs frequently. The laurel is the emblem of glory; hence 'watering the laurel' means 'fostering his reputation.' 'His melodious tears' are his poems, which were lamentations over his hopeless love during Laura's life, and over his loss after her death. The meaning of the whole passage then, when divested of metaphor, is—'by his poetic laments he fostered his reputation, and so became famous.'

279. *a pyramid*;—the pyramids were sepulchral monuments. For the same sentiment cp. Hor. Od. 3. 30. 2, and Milton's Epitaph on Shakspere:

> 'What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones?
> Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
> Under a star-ypointing pyramid?'

281. *complexion*;—'nature,' 'character.' Johnson, Dict., says that it gets this meaning from signifying the mixture of elemental humours.

286. *Of busy cities*;—especially Padua and Venice, which Shelley has beautifully described in the Lines written among the Euganean Hills.

289. *Developing*;—'bringing out clearly to view'; cp. ll. 1284, 1449.

290. *where-by*;—'on the banks of which.'

293. *its morality*;—this is probably used in two senses, with reference both to what precedes and what follows. With reference to what precedes it is 'its moral element'; *i. e.* 'though it seem culpable indolence, it is really laudable.' With reference to what follows it is 'moral lessons.'

296. The argument is—'solitude is fitted to teach men how to die, because, when alone, a man sees his own character in its naked reality, unvarnished either by the flattery of others or by his own vanity.'

297. *alone—man with his God must strive*;—'when alone (in solitude), man is brought face to face with God.'

303. *predestined*;—cp. 3. 669, and see Introd. p. 18.

304. *is not of the pangs that pass away*;—'is eternal torment.'

307. *Ferrara*;—this city lies to the south of Padua, on the way to Florence, for which place Byron was now bound.

308. *Whose symmetry was not for solitude*;—*i. e.* streets so well-built must have been intended for a large and prosperous population.

309. *as 't were*;—used adverbially, with 'a curse.'

310. *and*;—explanatory, = 'namely.'

311. *Of Este*;—the house of Este was the family of hereditary princes in Ferrara.

made good Its strength;—'firmly maintained itself.'

314. *those who wore*, &c.;—Ariosto, author of the Orlando Furioso, d. 1533; Tasso, author of the Gerusalemme Liberata, d. 1595.

315. *alone*;—this shows that 'the wreath' must be that of epic poetry, otherwise Petrarch would not have been omitted.

316. Tasso was enamoured of the sister of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, and in consequence was imprisoned by him for many years in a hospital as a madman. This circumstance has been the subject of Byron's Lament of Tasso, and Goethe's play of Torquato Tasso.

318. *how dearly earn'd*;—'how dearly [was] earned.'

321. *blend*;—'assimilate,' *i. e.* make him a maniac as well.

323. *Glory without end*;—*sc.* Tasso's immortal glory.

325. *thine*;—addressing Alfonso.

326. *sink*;—'foul receptacle.'

327. *which from thy boasted line*, &c.;—'which, though derived from thy proud family, is dissolved and perishes.'

328. *but*;—'were it not that.'

331. *how thy ducal pageants*, &c.;—'how thou art now denuded of the splendour of thy court! [who,] if [thou had'st been] born in another station, [would'st] scarcely [have been] fit, &c.'

339. *the Cruscan quire;*—the Academy della Crusca, which was established at Florence in 1582, with the object of purifying the national language. It censured Tasso's Gerusalemme.

340. *Boileau;*—the French poetical critic (d. 1711), who in his 9th Satire spoke of Tasso's poetry as tinsel—'le clinquant du Tasse.'

342. *whetstone of the teeth;*—'which sets the teeth on edge'; the uniformity of the French heroic metre is especially referred to.

350. *compose;*—'make up,' *sc.* by being combined.

352. *parallel'd;*—'equalled.'

355. *The Tuscan father's comedy divine;*—the Divina Commedia of Dante, the 'father' of Italian poetry, the 'Tuscan,' because Florence, of which Dante was a native, was the chief city of Tuscany: he is called 'Bard of Hell,' because the Inferno is the first portion of his poem.

357. *The southern Scott;*—Ariosto: the comparison of him and Scott, here and in l. 359, is somewhat curiously made by the interchange of names.

358. *A new creation;*—an imaginary world and society.

361. *The lightning;*—Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away.—Hobhouse's note.

364. *of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves;*—the reference is to Suetonius, Tiber. c. 69, who says that Tiberius used to wear a wreath of laurel as a preservative during thunderstorms—'quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus frondis.'

366. *false semblance;*—imitation in metal.

367. *if fondly Superstition grieves;*—'if, notwithstanding, any are distressed by the omen.' 'Fondly' = 'weakly,' cp. 2. 717.

368. *the lightning sanctifies;*—amongst the Romans (and others) places and objects struck by lightning were considered sacred.

370. The next two stanzas are a free translation of Filicaja's (d. 1707) Sonnet to Italy:

'Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte:
Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte;
 Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
 T' amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
 Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte.
Chè giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
 Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
 Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti,

Nè ti vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti,
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.'

372. *A funeral dower*;—'funeral' for 'funereal,' 'ruinous'; 'funesta dote' in the original.

380. *undeplored For thy destructive charms*;—'not, as now, an object of pity on account of the attractiveness which causes thy ruin.'

386. *and so*, &c.;—'nor wouldest thou be, in consequence, as thou art, the slave of friend, if victor, of foe, if vanquished.'

388. *of him*;—the following substantive is here anticipated by the pronoun; cp. ll. 484, 721, and Essay on Style, 3. *g*., p. 42.

389. *The Roman friend*;—Servius Sulpicius. In his letter to Cicero, written from Athens to condole with him on the death of his daughter Tullia (included in Cicero's Epist. ad Fam., 4. 5. 4), he dwells on the insignificance of human bereavements in comparison of the downfall of famous states. The passage is—'ex Asia rediens, cum ab Aegina Megaram versus navigarem, coepi regiones circumcirca prospicere: post me erat Aegina, ante me Megara, dextra Piraeus, sinistra Corinthus; quae oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata et diruta ante oculos jacent. Coepi egomet mecum sic cogitare: hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jacent?'

392. *Came Megara*, &c.;—these places would appear in these positions to one sailing towards the head of the Saronic Gulf. Consult the map of Greece.

399. *make more mourn'd*;—an awkward collocation of words, both in respect of diction and sound. These stanzas on the decadence of Greece contrast unfavourably with those at the end of Canto II.

406. *and on mine*, &c.;—an elliptical sentence; 'on my page is the ruin of his country, which is added to the mass of perished states that he mourned in their decline, and which I mourn in their desolation.'

409. *all that was*, &c.;—'all that was in ruins then is so still.' 'Of then destruction' is harshly condensed for 'of the destruction of that time'; see Essay on Style, 3. *f*., p. 41.

412. *dust and blackness*;—the accompaniments of mouldering ruin.

413. *The skeleton of her Titanic form*;—Byron quotes the exclamation of Poggio (d. 1459), on looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome—'Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.'

416. *Thy wrongs*, &c.;—cp. Milton, Sonnet 22:

'Of which all Europe rings from side to side.'

418. *Was then our guardian*;—*i. e.* in heathen times mankind was guarded by the arms of Rome.

419. *Parent of our Religion* ;—Rome being regarded as the centre, the mother of Christendom.

420. *knelt to for the keys of heaven* ;—taken in connexion with 'Parent of our Religion' this means—'whom the nations have besought that the Gospel might be preached to them,' with reference to the sending of missionaries from Rome.

421. *parricide* ;—'unfilial neglect.'

424. *wins us to* ;—'invites us to enter.'

425. *the Etrurian Athens* ;—Florence, on the Arno, the capital of Tuscany, formerly Etruria; the home of the arts in modern, as Athens was in ancient times.

Claims and keeps, &c. ;—paraphrase thus—'asserts the claim, and when it is granted, justifies and maintains it, that her elegant buildings should be regarded with a tenderer feeling than those of the other cities of Italy.'

428. *leaps* ;—'springs up.'

429. *laughing life* ;—cp. Ps. 65. 14: 'The valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall *laugh* and sing.'

431. *Was modern Luxury of Commerce born* ;—the refined luxury of modern days, as distinguished from the barbarous splendour of the Middle Ages, was first seen at Florence, especially at the court of the Medici: it was the result of the great wealth of the Florentine traders.

43[illegible]. *buried Learning rose* ;—at the Renaissance or revival of letters, in which Florence took a conspicuous part.

Redeem'd to a new morn ;—'recovered and born again.'

43[illegible]. *the Goddess* ;—the statue called the Venus de' Medici, in the Tribune of the gallery of the Uffizi at Florence.

Loves ;—'expresses love.'

Fills The air around with beauty ;—cp. Guido Cavalcanti's (A.D. 1300) Sonnet:

> 'Chi è questa che vien, ch' ogni uom la mira,
> Che fa di clarità l'aer tremare.'

439. *What Mind*, &c.;—because the ideal, which unites the most perfect characteristics of all individuals, is superior to every created form.

440. *fond* ;—'foolishly devoted.'

441. *innate flash* ;—'inspiration of genius.'

445. *Chain'd*, &c. ;—in the triumphal procession of a victorious Roman general the captives in chains preceded his car; Byron goes further, and speaks of the captives of Art as chained to her chariot.

448. *jargon of the marble mart* ;—'technical language of sale-rooms for statuary': 'marble mart' = 'mart for marbles.'

449. *Where Pedantry gulls Folly* ;—'where ignorant purchasers are taken in by designing connoisseurs.'

450. *the Dardan Shepherd's prize*;— the judgment of Paris, the Trojan shepherd (Dardani = Trojans), who decided the contest of beauty on Mount Ida, between Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite.

452. *more deeply blest*;—because Aeneas was born to him by her.

453. *goddess-ship*;—'position, dignity as goddess'; for the force of the termination see note on l. 94.

455. *And gazing*, &c.;—this is adapted from Lucret. 1. 33–37.

458. *lava*;—corresponding to the two notions of melting and burning.

461. *Their full divinity*, &c.;—the verb or participle is suppressed. The meaning is—'the gods took mortal form, because their perfect, incorporeal divinity was inadequate, &c.'

464. *the weight*, &c.;—'we are recalled from ecstasy by our mortal nature reasserting itself'

465. *let it go*, &c.;—'think no more of it,' *i.e.* of the influence of our mortal nature, 'for the mind can recall such visions, &c.'

469. *learned fingers and wise hands*;—'fingers,' which feel the curves of the statues, 'hands,' which describe them on paper.

470. *his ape*;—the amateur.

to teach and tell, &c.;—'to describe, and in describing show how well, &c.'

471. *his connoisseurship*;—the termination, from being used of dignity (l. 453), comes to be used in titles, as 'your ladyship'; so here.

472. *voluptuous swell*;—used of music in 3. 186.

474. *crisp the stream*;—'ruffle, however slightly, the stream of memory.'

477. *on the deep soul to beam*;—'to illuminate the depths of the soul.'

478. *Santa Croce*;—Byron has called this church 'the Westminster Abbey of Italy,' on account of the distinguished men who are buried there.

480. *an immortality*;—'a form of immortal existence.'

481. *Though there were nothing*, &c.;—the sequence here is irregular; the connexion with what precedes is—'dust, which is an immortality, [and would be so], though, &c.' The general meaning of the passage is—'even though nothing else existed than the dust of these great men—the infinitesimal remains (particle) of those sublime personages (sublimities), who otherwise have disappeared from the earth (relapsed to chaos)—and their histories (the past), there would still be something that is immortal.'

482. *those sublimities*;—for similar uses of abstract for concrete terms, cp. 3. 1051, 'its idolatries,' 4. 1400, 'its immensities,' and see Essay on Style, 2. *d.*, p. 38.

484. *Angelo's, Alfieri's bones*;—Michael Angelo (d. 1563) was sculptor, painter, poet, and architect. Alfieri (d. 1803), tragedian.

and his, The starry Galileo;—another way of saying 'the starry Galileo's,' cp. l. 721. 'Starry' poetical for 'conversant with the stars'.

485. *his woes;*—the famous astronomer (d. 1642) was persecuted by the Inquisition for his scientific opinions.

486. *Machiavelli;*—writer on history and politics (d. 1527).

to whence it rose;—'to its native soil'; for the omission of the antecedent cp. ll. 114, 193.

488. *furnish forth creation;*—'provide the constituents for creating the world anew.'

489. *ten thousand rents*, &c.;—the comparison is to Caesar dying.

491. *sky;*—'clime,' 'country.'

492. *Spirits which soar from ruin;*—*i.e.* great geniuses, like Canova, the famous sculptor (d. 1822), arising from a decayed nationality. The underlying metaphor is that of the phoenix.

496. *the all Etruscan three;*—'the three who were all of Tuscan origin.'

498. *the Bard of Prose;*—Boccaccio, author of the Decamerone (d. 1375).

500. *distinguish'd;*—'so that they should be distinguished.'

501. *as life;*—for the elliptical expression cp. 3. 322.

are they resolved, &c.;—'now that they are dead, have the marbles of their country had no share in affording them a sepulchre?'

505. *Dante sleeps afar;*—Dante (d. 1321) was buried at Ravenna; see l. 523.

506. *Like Scipio;*—Scipio Africanus the Elder passed the latter part of his life in voluntary banishment at Liternum, on the coast of Campania. He died about B.C. 183, but whether he was buried at Liternum or at Rome is not certain; anyhow his tomb was subsequently shown at the former place.

the upbraiding shore;—this refers to the sound of the sea; for the use of the *sympathetic* epithet cp. l. 1008, 'the eloquent air,' and Essay on Style, 1. *g.* (3), p. 34.

507. *Thy factions;*—the struggles of the Guelf and Ghibelline parties at Florence, in consequence of which Dante was banished.

worse than civil war;—worse than ordinary civil war, from its internecine character.

509. *would;*—'were destined to.'

511. *Petrarch's laureate brow;*—in 1341 Petrarch was formally crowned with laurel in the Capitol at Rome, in recognition of his poetic merit.

supremely;—'with highest dignity.'

512. *Upon a far and foreign soil;*—Petrarch's father was banished from Florence in 1302, and after his son's birth, when he found there was no chance of his restoration, he removed to Avignon.

513. *his grave, though rifled;*—in 1630 a number of persons broke

open Petrarch's tomb, and took away some of his bones, probably with the object of selling them. They were discovered, and being all Venetian subjects were punished with banishment by the Venetian government. The circumstances are related in detail in the 'Petrarcha Redivivus' of Tomasini, who wrote at the time of the occurrence (pp. 168–172, 2nd ed. 1650). Hobhouse, in his note, says—'one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine,' but he gives no authority for this.

514. *to his parent earth*;—Boccaccio passed the latter part of his life at Certaldo, S.W. of Florence, where he was said to have been born. He was buried in a church there, but afterwards his tombstone was torn up, and ejected from the sacred precincts.

517. *the Tuscan's siren tongue*;—'the attractive, seductive *lingua toscana*,' which is acknowledged to be the most perfect form of the Italian language. 'Siren' here, like 'hyaena,' l. 520, and 'lava,' l. 458, is a substantive used as an adjective. On Boccaccio's share in forming the language see note on l. 267.

518. *That music in itself*;—'that language which in itself is music'; strictly, 'music in itself' forms one expression, and 'that' refers to it.

520. *the hyaena bigot's wrong*;—'wrong'='outrage'; the trait in the hyaena which is here referred to is its ransacking graves in order to devour bodies which have been buried.

521. *amidst the meaner dead*;—*i.e.* where inferior men are allowed to remain undisturbed.

522. *nor claim*, &c.;—his tomb was not allowed to claim a passing sigh, because its inscription mentioned the name of the person for whom the sigh was claimed—*viz.* Boccaccio, the enemy of the monks.

524. *more noted*;—*sub.* 'is.'

525. *The Caesar's pageant*, &c.;—the reference is to the funeral of Junia, wife of Cassius, and sister of Brutus, A.D. 22, during the reign of Tiberius, on which occasion the busts of those two distinguished men were not allowed to be carried in the procession, on account of their having taken part in the murder of Julius Caesar. On this Tacitus remarks (Ann. 3. 76)—'Praefulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur.' There is, however, no reason for thinking that Junia was of the family of the Caesars, as Byron implies.

526. *her*;—Rome.

528. *Fortress of falling empire*;—the strength and importance of Ravenna was shown at the period of the barbarian invasions, when the Roman emperors of the West used to take refuge there, instead of remaining in Rome.

530. *tuneful relics*;—*sc.* the relics of a poet; cp. l. 270, 'melodious tears.'

532. *What is her pyramid;*—'what is' = 'of what worth is.' 'Pyramid' is here used for an elaborate erection in memorial of the dead. The reference is to the tombs of the later Medici.

534. *to incrust;*—'erected to encase;' but 'incrust' is specially used of a covering of precious stones.

535. *merchant-dukes;*—cp. l. 431, 'Luxury of Commerce born.'

the momentary dews;—'momentary' is intended to bring out the contrast with the permanent marble; 'the passing feeling is a better memorial than the massive monument.' The general meaning of the passage which follows is—'to pace at nightfall (the hour of meditation) a grave of common turf which covers the body of a great genius, is an act performed with greater respect than when the same thing is done at the elaborate tombs of princes.' The 'dews' and 'twilight stars' are introduced simply to imply nightfall.

538. *Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse;*—*i.e.* 'whose names enshrine the poetry and art of past ages.' The somewhat far-fetched expression is introduced in order to contrast with the material mausoleums; whatever of grandeur is wanting in their place of sepulture is supplied by their names.

540. *paves;*—'lies over.'

542. *Arno's dome*, &c.—the great Florentine gallery. For the meaning of 'dome' see note on l. 481.

543. *her rainbow sister;*—Painting, so called because of its use of bright colours.

545. *entwine;*—'associate'; cp. l. 76.

546. *with Nature rather*, &c.;—*i.e.* 'rather with Nature in the fields than [with] Art in galleries.'

549. *the weapon which it wields*, &c.;—'my power of appreciation is of a different order.' Art, he says, is not suggestive to him as Nature is, especially the aspect of historic scenes. 'Temper,' when used of a weapon, is the way in which the steel is tempered.

550. *and I roam . . . . more at home;*—'I am more in my element when I roam.'

551. *Thrasimene's lake;*—it is a curious question how Byron arrived at the pronunciation *Thrasimenè*: the Lat. is Trasimenus Lacus, the Ital. Trasimeno; the Gr. in Polybius is Ταρσιμένη λίμνη, in Strabo Τρασουμέννα. Was the poet thinking of the Greek forms? or did he merely sound, for the convenience of his verse, the mute final vowel of the traditional Eng. Thrasimene?

the defiles, &c.;—the scene of the battle is well described, from personal inspection, in Hobhouse's note. The Romans, led by the consul Flaminius, unguardedly entered the pass between the mountains and the lake, and found themselves in a valley, the eminences commanding

which were occupied by Hannibal's troops, while their retreat was cut off by his cavalry, who closed the pass in their rear. They were thus surrounded.

556. *Where Courage falls in her despairing files;*—'Courage' is a personification for 'courageous soldiers'; 'where the courageous soldiers fell in their ranks, cut down where they stood, though the fight was hopeless.'

559. *Like to a forest;*—the immediate object of comparison is the 'legions.'

560. *such;*—'so violent, that.'

561. *whose convulsion;*—here contrasted with the convulsion of Nature.

563. *An earthquake,* &c.;—Livy, 22. 5: 'tantusque fuit ardor armorum, adeo intentus pugnae animus, ut eum motum terrae, qui multarum urbium Italiae magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapidos amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit.'

564. *stern Nature;*—earthquake, like storm (cp. 2. 333), being one of Nature's sterner moods.

565. *yawning forth a grave;*—'opening so as to afford a grave.'

568. *a rolling bark;*—the ordinary movement of the earth is compared to the steady motion of a vessel; the earth under the influence of an earthquake to a *rolling* vessel.

569. *Which bore them to Eternity;*—for the idea that the motion of the earth bears men to eternity cp. Hooker, Eccles. Pol. 5. 69. 2, 'As Nature bringeth forth time with motion, so we by motion have learned how to divide time.'

571. *Nature's law,* &c.;—'owing to the suspension in their case of Nature's law (of observation), they were uninfluenced by the awe, &c.' This sentence is an extension, or rather an exaggeration, of the Latin idiom noticed in note to l. 201.

574. *Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw,* &c.;—'plunge' expresses the rapidity of their flight and the depth of their retreat. If 'plunge . . . . and withdraw' is to be regarded as a *hysteron-proteron,* it may be justified on the principle that the main idea is put first, as in Hom. Il. 5. 118:

δὸς δέ τέ μ' ἄνδρα ἑλεῖν καὶ ἐς ὁρμὴν ἔγχεος ἐλθεῖν·

and Virg. Aen. 2. 353, 'moriamur et in media arma ruamus.' Perhaps, however, the two clauses do not refer to the same birds, but the former to the birds on the mountains, the latter to those in the trees.

576. *man's dread hath no words;*—'men stand mute in terror.'

585. *unwilling;*—a *sympathetic* epithet; cp. l. 506.

586. *But thou, Clitumnus;*—'but' expresses the contrast to San-

guinary; see l. 593, 'unprofaned by slaughters.' The Clitumnus, in southern Umbria, was one of the eastern affluents of the Tiber.

in thy sweetest wave;—apparently this goes with 'thou dost rear Thy grassy banks' (l. 589), the banks appearing to stand in the water.

590. *the milk-white steer*;—Virg. Georg. 2. 146, 'Hinc, albi, Clitumne, greges'; and Macaulay, Lays of Ancient Rome, Horatius, § 7:

'Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer.'

594. *A mirror and a bath*;—cp. l. 588, 'to gaze and lave.'

Beauty's youngest daughters;—'fair young girls.' Cp. Byron's Stanzas for Music:

'There be none of *Beauty's daughters*
With a magic like thee.'

602. *While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails*, &c.;—'chance' = 'perchance;' 'scatter'd,' its leaves being spread out on the surface of the water; 'sails down,' *appears* to be carried down the stream. For the movement of the water-lily on the surface of the water cp. Tennyson, Princess:

'the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom.'

603. *the shallower wave*;—because there the water is not too deep to allow of the water-lily growing.

still tells its bubbling tales;—'prattles on as of old.'

604. *unblest*;—'without doing homage to him.'

605. *more serene*;—*i. e.* 'more than usually serene.'

606. *win to*;—'win its way to,' 'reach.'

607. *eloquent*;—'impressive,' explained by what follows.

612. *disgust*;—here used rather in the sense of the Lat. *taedium*; 'satiety,' 'weariness of life.'

613. *The roar of waters*;—the waterfall of Terni, which is here described, is formed by the Velino (Velinus), just before it joins the Nera (Nar), which again is an affluent of the Tiber. Observe the fine climax in this stanza, the impression increasing as the spectator first hears, then sees the fall, and then looks over.

620. *Phlegethon*;—der. from φλέγειν, the 'burning, boiling river of Hell.' The idea of spirits in torment is finely carried through this description of the 'hell of waters.'

621. *in pitiless horror set*;—'pitiless horror' is an inversion for 'frightful sternness'; 'set' = 'firmly fixed.'

623. *round*;—for 'around'; the word is very abruptly introduced; cp. l. 1044.

624. *unemptied*;—'unexhausted'; the metaphor is from urns or

pitchers, which the clouds are often conceived as carrying; cp. Aristoph. Nub. 272.

631. *shows;*—'appears,' 'looks'; cp. Shakspere, Richard II, 2. 2. 15, 'Which shows like grief itself, but is not so.'

634. *than only thus to be;*—this follows 'shows'; 'appears more like, &c., than to be what it really is (thus), only the parent of gentle rivers.'

636. *Look back;*—the earlier part of the description is taken from the summit of the precipice, the remainder from the valley below; Byron saw the falls from both points.

640. *Horribly beautiful;*—a form of *oxymoron*; see Essay on Style, 2. *a.*, p. 36.

641. *beneath the glittering morn;*—because formed by the slanting rays of the sun falling on the clouds of vapour. Cp. Manfred, 2. 2. 1:

'It is not noon—the sun-bow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven'

643. *Like Hope;*—cp. l. 1519.

unworn Its steady dyes;—a pendent clause; 'its unchanging tints being undimmed.' On the fine similes introduced into this passage see Essay on Style, 1. *f.*, pp. 33, 34.

649. *Once more;*—'I am once more.'

651. *parents;*—the chain of the Apennines detaches itself from that of the Maritime Alps to the eastward of Nice, so that the former are the offspring of the latter.

652. *shaggy;*—'rugged'; cp. 1. 244; 2. 596.

653. *lauwine;*—it has been already noticed (note to l. 172) that Byron did not know German; had he done so, he would not have used *lauwine*, the ordinary German word for 'an avalanche,' as plural; it has occurred before in l. 106.

654. *the soaring Jungfrau;*—in the Oberland of Switzerland; much of the scenery of Manfred is in its neighbourhood.

655. *never-trodden;*—an *etymological* epithet, explaining the meaning of the name Jungfrau, or Virgin mountain. See Essay on Style, 1. *g.* (4), p. 35.

657. *And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear;*—on 'Chimari' and 'thunder-hills' see notes on 2. 453, 468; and on 'of fear' used in place of the adjective see note on 1. 21.

662. *with a Trojan's eye;*—from the same point as the Trojans, *viz*, from the plain of Troy.

663. *Atlas;*—this means the ranges of North Africa, which are seen from the south of Spain and the neighbouring part of the Mediterranean.

666. *Not now in snow, which asks,* &c.;—'which' refers to the 'snow': asks the lyric Roman's aid, &c.,' means 'requires that Horace should recall it for us.' The passage in Horace alluded to is Od. 1. 9. 1,

'Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte.' This mountain rises from the level ground to the northward of Rome ('from out the plain'), separated from the neighbouring mountains ('lone'). The comparison to a breaking wave is as true as it is poetical.

669. *And;*—by using 'and' instead of 'which,' the poet purposely confuses the object of comparison and the thing compared.

670. *rake;*—a contemptuous term; cp. l. 25.

673. *Too much, to conquer . . . to record;*—apparently this is—'I abhorred the lesson too much for me to be able to conquer it, so that I should be able with pleasure to record.'

674. *drill'd;*—'drilled into me': to drill a person, is to teach him by strict rule and repeated exercise; to drill a thing into a person, is to instruct him in it in this manner.

676. *the daily drug which turn'd;*—'drug' = 'dose': 'turn'd'; to 'turn the stomach' is to 'sicken,' so here.

681. *with the freshness,* &c.;—'owing to the freshness of my impressions of Horace having worn off before my mind could appreciate that which, had it been allowed to choose for itself, it might have taken to voluntarily.'

687. *To understand, not feel thy lyric flow;*—'to estimate the movement of the verse by knowing that the metre is correct, not by enjoying its rhythm.'

689. *rehearse Our little life;*—Life is often compared by the poets to a performance on a stage, as in Macbeth, 5. 5. 24:

> 'Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.'

Hence the moralist who describes this may be said to 'rehearse' the performance. This was probably in Byron's mind; though he uses 'rehearsal' in the sense of 'repetition,' l. 965. 'Our little life' may be a reminiscence of Shakspere, Tempest, 4. 1. 157, but anyhow it refers to Horace's habit of pointing out minor faults; 'our life with all its littleness.'

690. *nor bard prescribe his art;*—'nor [deeper] bard (*i. e.* bard more profoundly acquainted with poetry) lay down rules for his art'—as Horace did in the De Arte Poetica.

695. *The orphans of the heart;*—'those who are orphans in heart'; destitute, not of relations, but of love and sympathy.

must turn to thee;—*sc.* for the consolation of learning how slight a portion their sufferings are of those of the world.

698. *What are;*—'what, compared with those of Rome.'

699. *The cypress,* &c.;—'cypress,' funereal tree; 'owl,' bird of desolation; 'plod,' because your footsteps are impeded by the ruins.

703. *The Niobe of nations*;—according to the story, Niobe, after having given birth to twelve children, boasted herself against Leto, who had only two; whereupon Apollo and Artemis slew all her children. This is here applied to Rome, once the mother of kingdoms.

705. *An empty urn*;—this is an allegorical representation of the vacant tomb and sepulchres mentioned below: for the absence of construction in the sentence cp. l. 2.

707. *The Scipios' tomb*;—the family tomb of the Scipios was discovered near the Appian Way in 1780. The bones of many distinguished members of the family, with their inscriptions, were found, but they were dispersed shortly after.

710. *a marble wilderness*;—*sc.* the 'broken thrones and temples.'

711. *thy yellow waves*;—'flavus' was the standing epithet of the Tiber.

mantle her distress;—'clothe her pitiable nakedness.' Cp. l. 834.

712. *The Goth*;—Rome was captured by Alaric, A.D. 410, and by Totila, A.D. 546.

the Christian;—by defacing heathen temples, and using the materials for erecting palaces.

Flood;—the inundations of the Tiber.

713. *dealt upon*;—see note on 3. 782.

pride;—'proud buildings.'

714. *star by star*;—metaphor from the stars disappearing at dawn; cp. Dante, Par. 30. 9.

715. *the steep*;—the carriage-road or *clivus Capitolinus*, by which the chariot of the victorious general ('car') ascended the Capitoline Hill in the triumphal procession, in which 'barbarian monarchs' were often led.

717. *a site*;—'a trace of their foundations.'

718. *trace the void*;—'explore the waste area.'

719. *lunar*;—'pale,' 'feeble.'

721. *of her*;—for the grammatical usage see note on l. 388.

722. *hath wrapt and wrap*;—for the grammatical irregularity see Essay on Style, § *e.*, p. 41.

723. *we but feel our way to err*;—'we merely grope in darkness and consequently err.' For this use of 'to' cp. l. 865, 2. 913.

725. *Knowledge spreads them*, &c.;—knowledge is here conceived as a mother instructing her children at the knee.

726. *But Rome is as the desert*, &c.;—it is difficult to disentangle the metaphors which follow, since 'steer,' 'stumbling,' and 'mirage,' all involve different ones, but the confusion is somewhat modified by the comparison of the desert to the sea being a familiar one. Cp. Southey's Thalaba, 1. 1. 8, 'The desert-circle spreads, Like the round ocean,

girdled with the sky'; and so the camel is the 'ship of the desert.' The point of the comparison is that the desert has no chart. 'Steer,' then, means 'endeavour to find our way.'

727. *Stumbling o'er recollections;*—the idea here is the same as in l. 699, 'Plod your way O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,' with the additional idea of their suggesting antiquarian reminiscences.

now we clap;—'now' = 'on a sudden.'

728. '*Eureka*';—lit. 'I have discovered it.' This was the exclamation of Archimedes, when he discovered a method of testing the purity of the gold of Hiero's crown.

729. *false mirage of ruin;*—'ruins suggesting deceptive associations.' 'Mirage' = 'deceptive image,' and is connected with the metaphor of the desert, because that optical illusion, especially suggesting water, is often seen there.

730. *Alas! the lofty city;*—probably this was suggested by Rev. 18. 10, 'Alas! alas that great city Babylon,' where Babylon means pagan Rome.

731. *The trebly hundred triumphs;*—Byron's note says—'Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs.'

732. *When Brutus made, &c.;*—'when the assertor of freedom (by the murder of Caesar) won greater fame than successful generals.'

735. *pictured page;*—'pictorially descriptive style.'

but these shall be, &c.;—'in these works of genius she will continue to live.'

737. *never shall we see, &c.;*—in other words—'the freedom of Rome was the guarantee of the prosperity of the world.'

739. *whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel;*—the wheel, as expressing mutability, was the emblem of Fortune. Sulla (less accurately Sylla), who received the title of Felix from his constant prosperity, is here spoken of as having appropriated Fortune's wheel, and made it subservient to his own purposes.

740. *Thou, who didst subdue, &c.;*—Sulla, after he had wrested the city of Rome from his opponent Marius, set out for the Mithridatic war, B.C. 87.

745. *Annihilated senates;*—after the appointment of Sulla to the dictatorship, in B.C. 81, the senate was entirely subservient to him. On the form 'annihilated,' see note on l. 276.

747. *atoning;*—*sc.* for his crimes; Sulla resigned his dictatorship, and retired into private life, in B.C. 79.

750. *supine;*—here used in the sense of Lat. *supinus*, 'helplessly prostrate.'

751. *aught than Romans;*—'anything else, anything less, than Romans.

752. *array'd Her warriors but to conquer;*—'whenever she equipped her armies, it was for victory.'

754. *display'd*, &c.;—the meaning is—'the Roman empire (of which the eagle was the emblem) embraced the world, until nothing was left to conquer.'

756. *rushing*;—this expresses the sound of the wings of a large bird of prey.

757. *but our own*;—probably this means—'Cromwell, the sagest of usurpers (as compared with "the first of victors") was our own citizen.'

759. *swept off senates*;—he dissolved the Long Parliament.

hew'd the throne Down to a block;—a vigorous expression for—'brought Charles I from the throne to the scaffold.'

763. *the moral*;—viz. that death is the greatest blessing that can happen to a man; this is explained in ll. 770–3. It is the moral of the story of Cleobis and Biton, Herod. I. 31.

764. *His day*, &c.;—Byron's note is—'On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar: a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.'

766. *moon*;—'month.'

767. *on the selfsame day*;—*i. e.* being the selfsame day.

768. *of force*;—'usurped,' 'won and kept by force.'

769. *the earth's preceding clay*;—'earth to (what was already) earth.'

775. *dread statue*;—the statue of Pompey in the Spada palace, a rare instance of a naked statue of a Roman

778. *At thy bathed base the bloody Caesar lie*;—'bathed' with Caesar's blood; 'bloody,' in his blood. 'On March 15, 44 B.C., the day of Caesar's death, the senate met in the curia of Pompey, and at the base of this statue he fell, wrapping his toga round him as he died.

781. *great Nemesis*;—goddess of retribution; the circumstances of Caesar's death are regarded as retributive for that of his defeated rival.

782. *have ye been*;—'is it the case that ye were.'

783. *puppets of a scene*;—'playthings in a show, moved by the hand of destiny.'

784. *the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome*;—this is the bronze wolf of the Capitoline Museum, which, in consequence of a fracture in its hind leg that might possibly have been caused by lightning, is thought by some to have been the statue to which Cicero alludes in his third Catiline Oration, c. 8, as having been struck by lightning.

785. *whose brazen-imaged dugs*, &c.;—paraphrase thus—'who art still extant (yet) in thy form of brass, imparting with thy dugs the milk from which thy fosterlings inherited their martial spirit.'

786. *dome*;—the Museum of the Capitol; see l. 542.

788. *of the mighty heart*;—'mighty-hearted.'

789. *Which*;—'courage,' implied in 'the mighty heart.'

790. *the Roman Jove;*—Jove, who, though he struck the image, was himself the special god of Rome.

794. *the world hath rear'd,* &c.;—a hyperbolical way of saying—'cities have been built out of the ruins which the Romans left behind them.'

795. *men bled,* &c;—'succeeding nations shed their blood, and fought, &c., in imitation of Rome, whose arms were once the object of men's dread.'

798. *At apish distance;*— 'following in their wake, though far behind.'

800. *one vain man;*—Bonaparte; Byron had already dwelt on his character in 3. 316 foll.

802. *The fool of false dominion;*—'duped by being the ruler of an ill-founded empire.'

803. *him of old;*—the real Caesar.

807. *an immortal instinct,* &c.;—'an inspiration which atoned for the frailties of a heart, which was so soft, and yet so bold, that at one time, when he sat at Cleopatra's feet, he resembled Hercules (Alcides) holding the distaff for Omphale, while at another he assumed his real character, and flashed forth into action.' Hercules, according to the story, was sold to Omphale, queen of Lydia, and performed feminine offices in her service. Caesar was attracted by Cleopatra's charms when he went to Egypt in pursuit of Pompey, B.C. 48.

811. *And came—and saw—and conquer'd;*—'*veni, vidi, vici*' was Caesar's description of the campaign in which he subdued Pharnaces II, king of Pontus.

812. *Who would have tamed his eagles down,* &c.;—'whose desire was to train his armies to fight in complete subservience to his commands.' 'Eagles,' here emblematical of French regiments.

to flee . . . in the Gallic van;—'to fly in the forefront of the French armies'; *i.e.* without metaphor, 'to advance to meet the foe.' 'Flee' is incorrectly used for 'fly' in the sense of 'using the wings.'

813. *like a train'd falcon;*—eagles are naturally independent in their flight, while falcons are taught to do the bidding of others.

814. *in sooth;*—'it must be allowed,' whatever his faults.

815. *a deaf heart,* &c.;—*sc.* he never enquired into his own motives; cp. 3. 341.

817. *one weakest weakness;*—'one weakness, which is the weakest of all.'

818. *Coquettish;*—'capricious from vanity.'

819. *answer what he claim'd;*—'tell us what he wanted to win.'

820. *nor could wait,* &c.;—the meaning is—'and was not willing to wait for the grave to level him with the rest of mankind (or, bring him down to "nothing"), as it infallibly would ("sure"); for this has

happened to the Caesars, who are nothing more than dust beneath our feet.'

821. *few years Had fix'd him with*;—'the lapse of a few years would have associated him with.'

823. *for this*;—*sc.* to be nothing.

828. *renew thy rainbow*;—as in the time of the Flood the rainbow was appointed as a guarantee that a flood of waters should not again cover the earth; so now God is called on to give an assurance that the deluge of blood and tears, which has arisen from the ambition of conquerors, may not be renewed. The metaphorical Flood is described as worse than the real one, because there is no refuge for the remnant of mankind, and because it is continually recurring.

830. *Our senses narrow*;—'[where] our senses [are] narrow'; for the absence of construction, cp. l. 705, &c.

831. *truth a gem which loves the deep*;—a poetical rendering of the proverbial expression that 'truth lies at the bottom of a well.' For the comparison, not the application, cp. Gray's Elegy:

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.'

832. *falsest*;—'utterly false.'

833. *Opinion*;—here = 'conventional ideas.'

834. *Mantles*;—cp. l. 711.

835. *men grow pale*, &c.;—'men fear lest they should have to reproach themselves for seeing the truth too clearly.'

839. *Rotting*;—'decaying from want of vitality.'

841. *rage*;—'passionate partisanship.'

842. *inborn slaves*;—'slaves born in the house of slavery,' Lat. *verna*; cp. 3. 766.

843. *their chains*;—*i. e.* the traditional opinions which bind them: as Wordsworth, Intimations of Immortality, says:

'Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life;'

but at the same time the poet is passing to the thought of political servitude, which is developed in the next stanza.

844. *Bleed gladiator-like*;—'shed their blood like slaves trained for the purpose.'

847. *I speak not of men's creeds*;—*i. e.* 'not of religious restraints on opinion, but of political repression.'

850. *upon us doubly bow'd*;—'on us who are bowed down twice over.' The 'yoke' is the reaction in favour of absolutism which followed the fall of Napoleon; cp. 3. 153, 168, and notes.

853. *The apes of him*, &c.; 'imitators of Bonaparte in his tyranny.'

855. *Too glorious*;—'beyond measure glorious.'

858. *Columbia*;—America, from her discoverer Columbus; cp. 1. 915.

859. *a Pallas*, &c.;—Pallas, the virgin goddess ('undefiled'), sprang armed from the head of Zeus.

863. *infant Washington*;—Washington, the founder of American independence, was born in Virginia in the year 1732.

864. *no such shore*;—'no land where freedom may arise.'

865. *to vomit crime*;—*i. e.* 'with the result that she vomited,' vomiting being the result of drunkenness; on 'to' see note on l. 723. The subject of the French Revolution has been already treated in 3. 770 foll.

866. *Saturnalia*;—'time of popular license'; the Saturnalia was a Roman festival in the latter part of December, at which unrestrained merriment was allowed, and even the slaves enjoyed perfect freedom of speech.

868. *the deadly days*;—the proscriptions at the time of the French Revolution.

869. *vile Ambition*, &c.;—the love of military glory, which permanently excluded men from the freedom they were hoping for: cp. 3. 778, 'because ambition was self-willed.'

871. *the base pageant*;—the empire and court of Napoleon. It cannot mean the restoration of the Bourbons, though that was in reality 'last upon the scene,' because that could not be a 'pretext.'

872. *Are grown the pretext*, &c.;—the excesses of the Revolution, the French desire of military glory, and the empire of Napoleon, have been made a pretext to justify the extinction of liberty.

thrall;—the word is used both for 'a serf' and for 'serfdom'; here the latter.

873. *Which nips life's tree*;—cp. Shelley, Hellas:

> 'O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
> Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare.'

dooms;—'ordains,' in an unfavourable sense.

his second fall;—'his relapse into slavery.'

874. *Yet, Freedom! yet*;—in order to understand the influence of Byron's poetry throughout Europe, we have to reflect on the effect which these spirit-stirring verses must have produced at the time; see Introd. p. 22.

875. *like the thunderstorm*, &c.;—the meaning of this splendid simile is, that the cause of Freedom maintained itself, at however great a disadvantage, in defiance of the opposing political current. The fact, which has often been noticed, that thunderstorms come up against the wind, is mainly owing to their being borne by a counter-current, in an opposite direction to the ground-wind; but the phenomenon is equally serviceable, as a comparison, for the purposes of poetry.

877. *The loudest still*;—the metaphor of the thunderstorm is now transferred to the French Revolution: its effects are disappearing from the political horizon, but the voice of Freedom, however imperfectly uttered, resembles the loudest thunder-claps of the retreating storm.

880. *But the sap lasts*;—freedom is mutilated, but not destroyed.

881. *even in the bosom of the North*;—'deep in the soil of an inclement country, only fit for hardy plants—in England.'

883. *a stern round tower*;—the tomb of Caecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, two miles from Rome. She was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife of M. Crassus.

884. *fence of stone*;—'circuit of stone walls.'

887. *with two thousand years of ivy grown*;—'grown' = 'overgrown'; 'two thousand years of ivy' = 'the ivy of two thousand years'; 'covered with a growth of ivy 2000 years old.'

888. *The garland*, &c.;—the idea intended is that of the contrast between the permanence of Nature's creations and the transitoriness of those of man—between the eternal freshness of the ivy and the ruinous state of the building which it decorates.

889. *all by time o'erthrown*;—'all [that has been] overthrown by time.'

890. *cave*;—'recesses,' 'inmost chamber.'

892. *lady of the dead*;—'princess among the dead,' with reference to her being so royally interred.

894. *a King's, or more—a Roman's*;—cp. l. 226, 'The commonwealth of Kings, the men of Rome.'

896. *beauties*;—'beautiful features, expression, form, &c.'

897. *Was she not*, &c.;—'was she not honoured in her life, her love, her death? and was not the reason why she was placed in that conspicuous tomb, that it might be a memorial of her dignity?'

899. *Where meaner relics must not dare to rot*;—'in a tomb which was too dignified a receptacle for the bones of common men.' 'Rot' is frequently used by Byron as a term of contempt; cp. l. 450, 4, 839, 1215.

904. *Cornelia*;—the 'mother of the Gracchi.'

905. *Or the light air*;—'or [was she of] the gay deportment of Cleopatra.'

906. *it*;—'joy,' *i.e.* luxury, indulgence.

907. *Did she lean*, &c.;—'did she give way to the weakness of love.'

908. *bar*;—'exclude.'

909. *such the affections are*;—'the passions are a form of grief.'

910. *bow'd*;—a participle without any construction; 'since she was bowed.' Observe the contrasted epithets, 'ponderous' and 'gentle,' in the next two lines.

913. *might gather*;—'was wont to gather;' but 'might,' used in place

of 'would,' accentuates the supposition introduced by 'it may be,' showing that it is all the play of fancy.

914. *in;—sc.* might gather in.

915. *Heaven gives its favourites;*—Byron quotes the Greek saying:

ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

yet shed;—the construction continues from the previous sentence; 'yet, it may be, the cloud and the gloom would shed.'

916. *illume,* &c.;—'brighten the red tint of her cheek with hectic light.'

917. *the Hesperus of the dead;*—the characteristics of consumption are beautifully idealised and invested with charm throughout this passage in the comparison to the tints of autumn and sunset: here, the bright colour in the cheeks, so ominous of death, is further likened to the evening star, the loveliest anticipation of nightfall. 'Of the dead' means 'of the region of the dead'—the star which leads the way to 'the silent land.'

918. *consuming;*—intrans., 'wasting with consumption.'

autumnal leaf-like red;—a peculiar mode of expressing 'a red tint like that of the leaves in autumn.' In Manfred (2. 4), which was written shortly before this Canto, we find the following:

'— there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.'

921. *might yet recall;*—'yet' qualifies 'recall'; 'still' in the next line qualifies 'a something,' *i.e.* 'something still remaining.'

923. *braided;—sc.* for her marriage; so too the 'proud array' is her bridal procession.

927. *The wealthiest Roman;*—Crassus, whose *agnomen* was Dives.

932. *cloudy;*—'dull,' as if the sound were muffled by the clouds.

935. *bodied forth the heated mind,* &c.;—'forth' = 'forth from'; 'produced from the heated mind, and embodied.'

936. *the floating wreck,* &c.;—the vague fragments of evidence as to the history of the occupant of the tomb.

938. *a little bark of hope;*—cp. 3. 37 foll.; the worn spirit takes refuge in a world of the imagination.

942. *Where all,* &c.;—referring to the loss of early friends and relations; cp. 2. 904 foll.

943. *gather from the wave-worn store;*—'pick out from the assortment of battered planks.'

945. *save what is here;—viz.,* the ruins of Rome; cp. l. 695.

948. *temper;*—'mingle'; see note on l. 189.

949. *As I now hear them;*—for other passages in which the poet mentions his surroundings as he writes, cp. note on l. 603.

950. *the bird of darkness' native site*;—'the region where the owls build.'

953. *Upon such a shrine*;—*i.e.* 'when remembered on a spot so hallowed by the ruins of past greatness'; or, perhaps, 'as offerings upon (at) a shrine, which represents the ruin of an empire.'

955. *grown*;—this is to be taken along with the words that follow.

957. *strown*;—another form of 'strewn'; cp. Shakspere, Twelfth Night, 2. 4. 60:

> 'Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
> On my black coffin let there be *strown*.'

959. *peep'd*, &c.;—'opened its eyes, thinking it was the waking time of night.'

963. *the Imperial Mount*;—as Augustus and his successors resided on the Palatine, it was regarded as the seat of empire, and *palatium* came to be used for 'a palace.'

964. *There*;—*sc.* in the downfall of what once was mighty.

965. *rehearsal*;—'repetition,' 'enacting afresh.'

966. *First Freedom*, &c.;—*e. g.* in the history of Athens we have first the expulsion of the Peisistratidae, followed by Marathon; then the period of Athenian supremacy; then the Macedonian and Roman domination, during which it enjoyed an indolent repose; finally, decay under the Byzantine empire. In the history of Rome, first the struggles with the other peoples of Italy, with Pyrrhus, and with Hannibal; then the time of conquest; next the wealth and immorality of the Empire; at last its overthrow by the barbarians.

969. *Hath but one page*;—'history is the same story constantly repeated.'

here;—on the Palatine.

970. *thus*;—*sc.* as we see from the ruins.

974. *matter for all feeling*;—'matter suited to suggest feelings of every kind.'

975. *pendulum between a smile and tear*;—'oscillating to and fro between joy and grief.'

976. *in this span*, &c.;—'in the narrow area of the Palatine Hill, which, notwithstanding that even its foundations cannot definitely be traced, was the crowning point of Rome, which itself was the culminating point of the world.' For the mode of expression, cp. l. 571 and note.

979. *Of Glory's gewgaws*, &c.;—'the Palatium with its "golden roofs" was foremost among the manifestations of outward splendour.'

980. *with added flame were fill'd*;—'became more dazzling from the reflected light.'

982. *not so eloquent*;—because it preaches the mutability of human greatness.

983. *Thou nameless column*;—this solitary column, which rises conspicuously in the Forum, is now known to have been dedicated to the emperor Phocas A.D. 608. Its pedestal was excavated in 1816.

984, 5. *What are the laurels*, &c.;—'the laurel garlands of the emperors are withered, but the ivy with which their ruined palace is overgrown furnishes material for crowns'—*doctarum ederae praemia frontium*, Hor. Od. 1. 1. 29.

986. *Whose arch or pillar*;—'is the arch that I see opposite to me that of Titus, or the pillar that of Trajan?'

988. *Triumph, arch, pillar*;—'Time abolishes the memory of the triumph along with the arch or pillar that commemorates it.'

989. *apostolic statues climb*;—the column of Trajan is now surmounted by a statue of St. Peter, that of M. Aurelius by one of St. Paul. Observe that though the two columns are referred to in 'statues,' the rest of the remarks refer to Trajan only. 'Climb' = 'are raised aloft.'

990. *To crush*;—'to annihilate,' a strong expression for 'displace.'

whose ashes slept sublime;—the statue of Trajan, which originally stood on his column, held a globe which was believed (erroneously) to contain his ashes.

992. *they*;—Trajan's ashes.

993. *which with thee would find a home*;—'worthy to dwell in the company of the sky and stars'—a noble, aspiring soul.

995 *The Roman globe*;—*i.e.* the Roman empire, when it was conterminous with the *orbis veteribus notus*. Trajan added Dacia and Parthia to the Roman empire, but the latter country was given up immediately after his death.

997. *a mere Alexander*;—a less favourable view of Alexander's character than is taken in 2. 335, where see note.

998. *household blood and wine*;—Alexander killed his intimate friend Clitus, when flushed with wine at a banquet.

wore His sovereign virtues;—'wore (not so much his imperial robe and crown as) his supreme virtues.'

999. *we Trajan's name adore*;—Trajan is found in the Paradise of Dante; Par. 20. 44.

1000. *the rock of Triumph*;—the Capitoline Hill.

1001. *embraced*;—'welcomed.'

the steep Tarpeian;—the Tarpeian rock, from which criminals were thrown.

1003. *the promontory*, &c.;—the remedy for criminal ambition, which corresponded to the Leucadian promontory, which was a remedy for hopeless love; cp. 2. 362. Amongst the Greeks the leap from a steep rock, *e.g.* from the Leucadian cape, was a punishment for malefactors; but probably Byron did not know this.

1005. *their spoils*;—numerous votive offerings from the spoils of victories were dedicated in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

in yon field below, &c.;—'the area of the Forum, over which the Capitol looks, was the scene of the struggle of factions, which have ceased for a thousand years.'

1007. *the immortal accents*;—*sc.* of Cicero's orations.

1008. *the eloquent air*;—'eloquent' is a *sympathetic* epithet; cp. 'upbraiding,' l. 506, and Essay on Style, 1. *g*. (3), p. 34.

with Cicero;—'with the echoes of Cicero's voice.'

1009. *The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood*;—'freedom,' in the struggles of patricians and plebeians; 'faction,' in the political movements of the Gracchi, Drusus, &c.; 'fame,' since public speaking at Rome was the road to distinction; 'blood,' in the riots caused by Saturninus, Clodius, Antony, &c.

1010. *were exhaled*;—'found vent.'

1011. *empire in the bud*;—this forms a single expression, 'nascent empire.' 'Empire' here stands for the power of Rome, referring to the early period of the Republic.

1013. *long before*;—*sc.* before the world had been subjugated.

1014. *assumed her attributes*;—'usurped the attributes, which rightfully belonged to freedom.'

1016. *the trembling senate's slavish mutes*;—'cowardly members of the senate silenced by terrorism.'

1017. *Or raised*, &c.;—'or caused hireling orators, who prostituted their talents, to make their voices heard.'

1020. *Redeemer of*;—'who didst compensate for'; cp. l. 807, 2. 773.

1022. *Rienzi*;—in 1347 A.D., Rienzi, a private citizen of Rome, headed an insurrection against the oppressions of the nobles, and was proclaimed tribune, in which character he effected numerous reforms.

1026. *Numa*;—*i.e.* lawgiver, as that function was common to both of them. In enumerating the sights of Rome, in order to avoid making them a mere catalogue, Byron finds links of connexion where he can; thus the Forum introduces Rienzi, and he in turn suggests Numa.

1027. *Egeria*;—the valley and fountain of Egeria was near the Porta Capena, or southern gate of Rome. This nymph, who espoused Numa, and gave him instructions with regard to the ceremonial observances of the religion of Rome, used to meet her lover at this spot; see Juvenal 3. 12:

'Hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae.'

1031. *nympholepsy*;—'affection of the brain,' 'hallucination'; persons in a state of rapture or mental aberration were supposed by the Greeks to be under the influence of the Nymphs.

of some fond despair;—arising from some foolishly cherished hopeless love; cp. ll. 1450–3.

1037. *Elysian*;—'worthy of Paradise.'

1040. *Whose green, wild margin*, &c.;—Byron was thinking of Juvenal, 3. 18–20:

'Quanto praesentius esset
Numen aquae, viridi si margine cluderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum.'

1041. *nor must*, &c.;—'nor are the waters forced to be stagnant in a marble tank.'

1043. *the cleft statue*;—a mutilated statue near the spring which is popularly identified with that of Egeria.

1044. *round*;—for 'around,' cp. l. 623.

1047. *quick-eyed*;—an epithet suggested by 'rustles'; its rapid movements being caused by its quick observation of anything approaching.

1049. *many in their class*;—'of many different kinds'; 'in'='in respect of.'

1050. *Implore the pausing step*;—'beg the passer-by to pause before treading on them.' 'Pausing' is here an anticipatory (*proleptic*) epithet; see Essay on Style, 1. *g*. (7), p. 35.

with their dyes;—'showing their bright hues.'

1054. *cover*;—'retreat'; for another stanza which contains six double rhymes cp. 3. 1022 foll.

1056. *far*;—'heard afar off.'

1057. *The purple Midnight*;—the epithet suggests mystery and warmth of feeling; cp. 'azure gloom,' l. 1151.

1058. *and seating*;—for 'and when thou didst seat'—a marked instance of a pendent participle; see Essay on Style, 3. *a*., p. 39.

1060. *the greeting*;—'the welcome she gave her lover.'

1061. *and the cell*;—'and to be the cell.'

1062. *the earliest oracle*;—an oracle, because Numa's wisdom was here derived from the inspired utterances of Egeria.

1065. *And Love*, &c.;—'and didst thou not combine transient mortal love with immortal transports?'

1067. *them*;—a human heart and human love.

1069. *Expel the venom*, &c.;—'remove the poison of satiety without taking off the edge of enjoyment.'

1072. *run to waste*;—the next line shows that the metaphor is taken from streams; the sentiment embodied in the stanza is the same as in l. 816–8.

1073. *whence*;—'and from the operation of these causes.'

1074. *tares of haste*;—'noxious plants, the offspring of haste.'

1075. *rank*;—'offensive to the taste'; 'rank' in the first instance

means 'luxuriant' in a favourable sense, as in Gen. 41. 5, 'Seven ears came up upon one stalk, *rank* and good.' Afterwards it comes to mean 'offensively strong,' whether to the smell or taste.

1076. *Flowers*, &c.;—'flowers which by the scents that they exhale cause no sensation but that of violent pain.'

1077. *trees whose gums are poison*;—the upas tree; cp. ll. 1129–31.

1079. *and vainly pants*;—the poet regards sensual love as a misguided form of a loftier aspiration.

1083. *A faith*;—this is in apposition to the previous clause: 'we believe in thee,—and this our belief is a faith, &c.'

the broken heart;—this is a generalised expression for 'broken hearts,' and so is used with the plural noun and verb preceding: for the grammatical usage cp. l. 128.

1086. *as it peopled heaven*;—'as it conceived the forms of heavenly beings.'

1087. *with its own*, &c.;—'with its imagination, which creates what it desires to see.'

1089. *unquench'd*;—'which never has its fill.'

1090. *Of its own beauty*, &c.;—the general meaning is—'the mind is infected with the longing for a beauty which only exists in itself, and by the action of this fever conceives of perfect beings which cannot be found in real life; such are the ideal figures of sculpture, and the ideal women whom we hope to find.'

1094. *the charms and virtues*;—*sc.* of the ideal woman.

1096. *The unreach'd Paradise*, &c.;—'the perfections, which are the blissful goal that we never reach, and ultimately despair of.' The phrase 'Paradise of our despair' is like 'the heaven of our hopes.'

1097. *o'er-informs*, &c.;—'gives painters and poets a subject beyond their power.'

1098. *where it would bloom again*;—'which would try to reproduce it.'

1100. *as charm by charm unwinds*, &c.;—*i.e.* 'as we are gradually disenchanted.' 'Unwinds' is intransitive; the idea is that of a draped image, the attractiveness of which consists in its draperies: 'as the charms, with which we had invested the object of our adoration, are withdrawn one by one.' The form of expression which is found in 'charm by charm' usually occurs in apposition; the more regular form here would be, 'as the attributes are withdrawn, charm by charm.'

1101. *we see too sure*, &c.;—'we perceive only too clearly that neither worth nor beauty exists independently of the ideal conception of such beings which is framed by the mind.' 'From out' = 'outside of.'

1103. *it binds The fatal spell*;—'it (Love) binds the spell upon us,' *i.e.* binds us with the spell. The metaphor contained in 'binds' seems to be the same as that embodied in the fine passage in Southey's

Thalaba, 8. 27, where the sorceress Maimuna makes Thalaba prisoner by winding a bright enchanted thread round his hands.

1105. *Reaping the whirlwind*, &c.;—the reference is to Hos. 8. 7, 'For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind': the 'oft-sown winds' are repeated amours, the 'whirlwind' is aggravated passion.

1106. *The stubborn heart*, &c.;—alchemy is the process of converting other metals into gold. The meaning then is—'when once the heart has begun to convert every object into gold, it refuses to be dissuaded, but always fancies that it is attaining the object of its hopes, and sets the greatest store by that which is least worth having.'

1109. *unfound the boon*;—the participle is pendent, without any definite construction.

1110. *in verge*;—'when we are on the verge.'

1111. *Some phantom lures*;—such as the Phantom of Astarte in Manfred, 2. 4; something that recalls a former ideal.

1112. *so are we doubly curst*;—the double curse consists in our being allured by a deceptive ideal, and at the same time feeling that it is too late to reach it.

1113. *Love, fame*, &c.;—the poet now extends the application from love to other attractions.

'tis the same;—'it matters not which.'

1114. *idle*;—'vain.'

none the worst;—'one as bad as the other.'

1115. *all are meteors*, &c.;—'all, whatever their name, are transient forms of brilliancy, which are extinguished in death.'

1116. *the sable smoke*;—with reference to the idea that meteors vanish in smoke; cp. Virg. Aen. 2. 698, 'late circum loca sulfure fumant.'

1117. *Few . . . none*;—the progressive limitation suggests that conviction is gradually strengthened by reflection; cp. 3. 1065.

1118. *blind contact*;—*sc.* casual acquaintance.

1120. *but to recur*;—'which, though removed, are destined to recur.' Byron is here describing closely the circumstances of his married life.

1122. *And Circumstance*, &c.;—several points in what follows require explanation. Circumstance is Fortune in its lowest aspect; it is 'unspiritual,' because from its nature it has no aims; it is a 'miscreator,' as being a marplot, upsetting men's plans of life; it uses a crutch, because it is lame and halting in its steps; and this crutch serves also for a magician's wand, to call into being and afterwards foster the troubles which are in store for us, thus annihilating our hopes.

unspiritual;—pronounced 'unspiritual.' The word 'spiritual' has

various values in poetry; Wordsworth uses it as a disyllable, *e.g.* in The Excursion:

'As to a spiritual comforter and friend.'

'Communications spiritually maintained.'

1125. *the dust we all have trod*;—*i.e.* 'for we all have had to pursue our path of life over the fragments of shattered hopes.' 'Hell,' we are told, 'is paved with good intentions'; similarly, the path of life is strewn with hopes unfulfilled.

1126. *a false nature*;—'essentially false'; the poet goes on to speak of the mystery of evil in the world.

'tis not;—'it' here anticipates 'this hard decree'; cp. 'her,' l. 721.

1127. *this hard decree*;—*viz.* our predestinated sinfulness.

1129. *upas*;—the upas-tree was fabled to destroy all the vegetation in its neighbourhood; cp. l. 1077.

1130. *Whose root is earth*;—the metaphor of the upas-tree almost evaporates in what follows: it is not 'a tree whose root is *in* the earth, and whose branches *reach to* heaven,' but 'the root of sin is our terrestrial existence—in other words, matter; when the tree of sin is grown to maturity, it brings down the penalty of sin from heaven upon mankind'—*i.e.* 'sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'

1132. *all the woes we see*;—this is in apposition to what precedes; 'which are visible sufferings.'

1135. *Yet*;—*i.e.* 'notwithstanding that sin is a mystery.'

1140. *Is chain'd and tortur'd*;—'though free thought is repressed and misdirected.'

cabin'd, cribb'd, confined;—from Macbeth, 3. 4. 24.

1141. *bred in darkness*, &c.;—cp. ll. 834 foll., 3. 785.

1143. *couch*;—technical term for removing a cataract on the eye.

1145. *her line*;—'her succession of great men'; cp. l. 77.

1146. *dome*;—'spacious building'; cp. ll. 542, 786; 1. 481.

1147. *Her Coliseum*;—the Flavian amphitheatre, afterwards called Colosseum or Coliseum, built by the emperors of the Flavian dynasty—Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. It was the largest of the buildings erected for gladiatorial shows and other spectacles in Rome, and occupied the low ground between the Palatine, Caelian, and Esquiline Hills.

1155. *shadows forth*;—'dimly reveals.'

1157. *hath leant*, &c.;—'has left his trace, but failed to destroy.'

1160. *For which*, &c.;—'in comparison of which modern palaces must confess their splendour vanquished, and in order to compete with it must wait until they have been dignified by antiquity.'

1162. *Oh Time*;—the stanzas which follow are Byron's appeal to the judgment of posterity.

beautifier of the dead;—because after death imperfections are forgotten.

1166. *of truth, love*;—on the omission of the conjunction (*asyndeton*) see Essay on Style, 2. *f.*, p. 38.

sole philosopher;—'the only teacher of certain conclusions'; the philosopher is thus distinguished from the sophist, or teacher of fallacious doctrines.

1167. *from thy thrift*;—this is connected with 'crave' in l. 1170: 'I crave a boon from thee, the thrifty one.' The 'thrift' of time is its habit of laying up things in store for future judgment; owing to this, men's actions are not lost sight of ultimately, though they may be misjudged for the time.

1171. *where thou hast made a shrine*;—the ruin of the greatest structure in the world is the fittest temple of Time.

1172. *more divinely desolate*;—'more divine in its desolation'; 'more' qualifies 'divinely,' not 'divinely desolate.'

1173. *thy*;—'made to thee.'

1177. *good*;—'success.'

against;—'to resist.'

1179. *This iron in my soul*;—Ps. 105. 18, 'The iron entered into his soul.'

shall they not mourn?;—*viz.* 'those who have hated and calumniated me.' The poet implies that, if they feel remorse, he will not have worn the iron in his soul in vain.

1181. *Left*;—for 'leftest;' cp. l. 745, l. 276.

the unbalanced scale;—for 'left the scale unbalanced.' The epithet is anticipatory (*proleptic*), cp. l. 1050, Essay on Style, 1. *g.* 7. p. 35.

1182. *Here*;—Hobhouse's note on this passage relates to the worship of Nemesis in Rome, and to the fear of the retribution attendant on good fortune, which was felt by the Romans at large: consequently, 'Here' seems to mean 'in Rome,' without any special reference to the Coliseum.

the ancient;—a generalising use of the singular for the plural; 'the ancient Romans.'

1184. *Orestes*;—Orestes was pursued by the Furies because he slew his mother Clytaemnestra to avenge the death of his father Agamemnon. This story was the subject of many ancient dramas, especially the Eumenides of Aeschylus.

1191. *withal*;—for 'with'; cp. 3. 489.

conferr'd;—'inflicted.'

1192. *it had flow'd unbound*;—'the wound should not have been bound up, and the blood from it should have flowed freely.'

1197. *But let that pass*;—this is intended to explain the break (*apo-*

siopesis) at the end of the preceding line; it means, 'the name shall not be mentioned.'

1197. *I sleep*;—*i. e.* I hold my peace.

1200. *Who hath beheld decline upon my brow*;—'who has seen my features grow wasted from being overcome by pain.'

1204. *shall wreak*, &c.;—'shall execute to the full the prophetic denunciation contained in these lines.' For the meaning of 'wreak' see note on 3. 906.

1210. *things to be forgiven*;—'things which need forgiveness.'

1211. *my brain sear'd*;—'my power of thought rendered dull.'

1212. *sapp'd*;—'undermined.'

Life's life lied away;—'what is dearest to me in life, my honour, destroyed by calumny.'

1213. *And only not*, &c.;—*sub.* 'have I not been': 'have I not escaped being driven to desperation, only because I am not altogether composed of, &c.'

1215. *As rots into*, &c.;—'as infects with its decay (putrefaction) the souls of those by whom I am surrounded.'

1217. *what human things could do*;—'what wrongs could be effected by human agency.'

1219. *the as*;—pronounce as one syllable; cp. 1. 1374.

1220. *reptile crew*;—'sneaking class of men.'

1221. *Janus glance*;—'double-faced look'; statues of the Roman god Janus had two faces.

1222. *would seem true*;—'desires to appear faithful to the object of their calumny.'

1224. *Deal round*, &c.;—'communicate to well-satisfied dupes their false charges conveyed without words.'

1234. *The seal is set*;—'my imprecation is finished and ratified'; cp. 3. 65.

thou dread power;—the 'dread power' is the sentiment of antiquity.

1235. *thus*;—'as I feel thee now to be.'

1237. *With a deep awe*, &c.;—'surrounded by a deep awfulness, which notwithstanding is wholly different from fear.'

1239. *the solemn scene*, &c.;—'thou inspirest the scene with so profound and vivid a reality'; the meaning of 'a sense,' and of the two following lines may best be seen by comparing a corresponding passage, 3. 705, 6:

'The bodiless thought, the Spirit of each spot,
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot.'

1241. *That we become*, &c.;—'that we lose ourselves in the past, and are identified with the locality, so that we are invisible spectators, though gifted with the power of seeing everything.'

1243. *the buzz of eager nations ran*;—'the confused cries of enthusiastic

crowds circulated from tier to tier.' 'Nations' represents both the vast multitudes, and the conflux of nationalities at Rome; cp. 2. 39. The Coliseum is said to have been able to contain 87,000 spectators.

1247. *genial*;—ironical.

1250. *listed*;—'enclosed for combat.'

1251. *rot*;—cp. ll. 326, 899.

1252 foll. What is referred to in this famous passage is the statue of the Dying Gladiator in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome; but what is described is not the figure itself, but the death of the gladiator which is represented by it. Thus the treatment conforms to the rule laid down by Lessing in his Laocoon, ch. 18, that a work of art should, if possible, be described in poetry, not by word-painting, but by successive action. The statue is now believed to represent a Gaul.

1258. It is difficult to discover any true rhythm in this line, or any exact metre in l. 1252.

1266. *their Dacian mother*;—Dacia was the country north of the lower course of the Danube, now Roumania; its inhabitants were very warlike. Barbarian captives formed a numerous class among those who were forced to fight in the amphitheatre.

1267. *a Roman holiday*;—'a day of amusement for the Romans.'

1268. *rush'd with his blood*;—'passed rapidly through his mind in his dying moments.'

1269. *Arise! ye Goths*;—it is a fine conception that the inroads of the Goths were an act of retribution for their murdered countrymen.

1270. *breathed her bloody steam*;—'where the steam of reeking blood arose.'

1271. *choked the ways*;—'obstructed the passages,' *i.e.* the *vomitoria*, which led from behind to the seats in the amphitheatre.

1273. *Dashing or winding*, &c.;—in connexion with the preceding line this is—'forming, now a roaring cataract, now a murmuring stream, according as it falls headlong or winds in the valleys.'

1275. *the playthings of a crowd*;—the question whether the wounded gladiator should be killed or spared was decided by the caprice of the spectators. If they turned their thumbs towards their breasts, it was a signal to stab him; if downwards, to spare him.

1276. *sounds much*;—'seems a loud sound.'

1280. *half-cities*;—streets and quarters, which would be equal to half an ordinary city.

1282. *where the spoil could have appear'd*;—'what place there could have been for the material which has been removed.'

1283. *or but clear'd*;—'or only the débris taken away.'

1284. *developed, opens the decay*;—'when viewed in detail, the decay becomes visible.' For 'develop' see l. 289.

1287. *years, man*;—see note on l. 1166.

1289. *and gently pauses there*;—for similar poetic illusions cp. Milton, Il Penseroso, of the moon:

> 'And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud';

and Shelley, Hymn of Apollo, of the sun:

> 'I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven.'

1290. *loops of time*;—'openings, gaps, made by time'; 'loop' for 'loophole,' cp. Shakspere, 1 Henry IV, 4. 1. 71, 2:

> 'And stop all sight-holes, every *loop* from whence
> The eye of reason may pry in upon us.'

1291. *waves along the air*, &c.;—'causes the shrubs, thick as a forest, which the walls wear like a garland, to wave in the stream of (along) the air.'

1293. Suetonius, Vita Jul. Caes. c. 45, tells us that Caesar highly valued the privilege conferred upon him of wearing a laurel crown, because it concealed his baldness. The simile here is far-fetched.

1295. *this magic circle*;—the circuit of the amphitheatre is compared to a magic circle, such as was employed by magicians in evoking spirits.

1299. *From our own land*;—this saying of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims is recorded in the fragments attributed to Bede (8th cent.). See Gibbon, vol. 8, p. 281, Smith's ed.

1303. *unalter'd all*;—'all three as hopelessly bad as ever.'

1306. From the Coliseum the poet now passes to the Pantheon. This building was erected by M. Agrippa, the general and friend of Augustus, B.C. 27. Observe the fine *climax* in this line.

1307. *Shrine of all saints*, &c.;—its Christian appellation is S. Maria ad Martyres; 'temple of all gods' is a play on the name Pantheon.

1308. *blest*;—as being beautified.

1309. *nods*;—'threatens to fall.'

1312. *Time's scythe and tyrants' rods*, &c.:—'the two agencies of ruin in the world—time which destroys man's works, and tyranny which subjugates man himself—have no effect on thee.' The Pantheon is the most perfectly preserved monument of antiquity. For 'Time's scythe' cp. l. 1158.

1316. *with thy circle*, &c.;—the meaning is—'it is a *rotunda*, and within this, the most perfect of forms, arise feelings of reverence which appeal to all classes of beholders.' These classes are then enumerated; 'artists find it a model, &c.'

1318. *to him who treads*, &c.;—'the lover of antiquity feels that a halo of glory, arising from the past history of Rome, is shed over the place, just as the light enters the building from the single opening above.' The

peculiarity of the Pantheon is that it receives all its light from a circular opening in the middle of the dome, 27 feet in diameter. Shelley's remarks on this, in his Letters from Italy, No. 17, are well worth reading.

1321. *beads*;—'prayers'; see note on l. 714.

1323. *whose busts around them close*;—'whose busts encircle them.' Raphael and other illustrious men are buried there.

1324. The next four stanzas are devoted to the story of the daughter feeding her father with her own milk, which in Rome is attached to a cell connected with the church of S. Nicolo in Carcere, and is called the 'Caritas Romana.' The same story is found elsewhere in various countries. Observe the skilful process by which the scene is here invested with reality, and cp. Essay on Style, 1. *b*., p. 30.

1326. *shadow'd on my sight*;—'become visible to me in dim outline.'

1327. *insulated*;—separate, not confused.

1328. *It is not so*;—'no! they are no phantoms, but realities.'

1331. *The blood is nectar*;—'the blood which fosters her milk is the same ethereal liquid which was the food of the gods.'

1333. *Full swells*, &c.;—this refers to the young mother of the story in particular; the rest of the stanza is of general application.

fountain of young life;—'from which life is drawn in infancy.'

1336. *Blest into mother*;—condensed expression for 'blest by becoming a mother'; cp. l. 1091, 'fevers into false creation.'

1337. *Or even*, &c.;—'even in the child's impatience and fretfulness, which would be an annoyance to others.'

1338. *perceives*;—'is conscious of'; the meaning here is intermediate between the ordinary sense of the word, and that of 'receive'; in Lat. *gaudium percipit*.

1339. *cradled nook*;—'nook' = 'hiding-place'; 'cradle in which it is hidden.'

1340. *sees her little bud*, &c.;—'watches her infant's gradual development': on Byron's love of children, which is so apparent in this passage, see note on 3. 481.

1344. *the debt of blood Born with her birth*;—'congenital duty of blood-relationship.'

1348. *Great Nature's Nile*, &c.;—'the mother's breast is a truer and more permanent source of life to men than the Nile is to the Egyptians.' The reference is to the crops in Egypt depending entirely on the inundation of the Nile.

1350. *Heaven's realm*;—the material heaven is spoken of, the comparison being to the milky way, as is more fully developed in the next stanza.

1351. *starry fable;*—'fable relating to the stars'; cp. l. 485, 'the starry Galileo.' A story in Greek mythology to account for the origin of the Milky Way was, that Heracles, after he was born of Alcmena, was carried by Hermes to Olympus and put to the breast of Hera while she was asleep, but that when she woke she pushed him away, and the milk that was spilled produced the Milky Way.

1353. *A constellation;*—the poet plays on the comparison of the mother's milk to the milky way of stars, and speaks of the story itself as a constellation.

1355. *her decree;*—her appointment that milk from the breast should be the food for *children.*

than in the abyss, &c.;—another way of saying—'than in the infinite stars, which fill the depth of heaven.' Byron is laying stress on the infinitely greater value of the moral, as compared with the material, universe.

1358. *its source;*—the source of the stream, the parent being the fountain-head of life; cp. l. 1343, 'the milk of his own gift.'

1359. *as our freed souls,* &c.;—'just as the souls of men, when freed from the body, "replenish with life the source" from which they came'; *i.e.* form once more a part of that universal Life, from which they were originally derived.

1360. *the mole;*—the Mausoleum of Hadrian, which was afterwards converted into a fortress, and is now the Castle of St. Angelo.

1361. *old Egypt's piles;*—the pyramids.

1362. *Colossal copyist of deformity;*—'who imitated shapeless buildings on a huge scale.'

1363. *whose travell'd phantasy;*—the emperor Hadrian was an extensive traveller, and in the course of his reign visited a great part of the Roman empire.

from;—'starting from,' 'taking the vast buildings of Egypt as his type.'

1364. *doom'd the artist's toils,* &c.;—'condemned the toiling artist to the labour of building on a gigantic scale.'

1366. *shrunken;*—*sc.* from the size of the body; cp. Sophocles, El. 758:

—ἐν βραχεῖ
χαλκῷ μέγιστον σῶμα δειλαίας σποδοῦ.

1369. *the dome;*—St. Peter's at Rome; 'dome' does not refer specially to the dome of St. Peter's, but is used generally for a spacious building, as frequently in this poem, *e.g.* ll. 542, 786, 1146.

1370. *Diana's marvel;*—the temple of Diana at Ephesus: the length of that temple was 343 feet, that of St. Peter's is 613 feet.

1373. *the wilderness;*—the deserted plain of the Cayster.

1374. *The hyæna;*—'the' coalesces with the next syllable.

1375. *Sophia's bright roofs;*—the gilded dome of the church (now mosque) of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

swell;—'raise aloft in a dome.'

1377. *the usurping Moslem;*—cp. 2. 749.

1381. *when that;*—for 'when'; so 'when as' is often used by Elizabethan writers, where we should use 'when.'

1385. *Are aisled;*—'are found in the aisles of'; cp. 1. 58, 'strength was pillar'd.'

1386. *ark;*—'sacred depository.'

1390. *and can only find;*—'fit' is to be taken as a predicate, the stress being laid upon it; 'thy mind can find only that abode a fitting one for itself, which seems to embody the idea of the immortality which is the object of thy hopes.' This is less harsh than taking 'wherein' as = 'in a place in which,' for though the omission of an antecedent is not uncommon in Byron, there is no instance that would justify this.

1393. *so defined;*—'with equal clearness.'

1396. *Thou movest,* &c.;—the meaning is—'when you move forward and see more of the building, your power of comprehending it also increases—just as one who is ascending a mountain, though he sees more and more of its height as he proceeds, yet himself attains a greater elevation—the explanation being that its harmonious details prevent you from discovering its enormous size.' 'Increasing' refers to 'thou'; and in the simile 'climbing' corresponds to 'increasing.'

1398. *gigantic elegance;*—a fine instance of *oxymoron*; see Essay on Style, 2. *a.*, p. 36.

1399. *vastness;*—this is in apposition to 'gigantic elegance,' but in meaning refers to the adjective rather than the substantive.

which grows, &c.;—'which increases before you, but harmonises as it increases.' 'To' here = 'with the result that,' cp. ll. 723, 865.

1400. *All musical,* &c.;—a repetition of the idea of the previous line: 'its huge proportions are perfectly rhythmical and harmonious.'

1401. *Rich marbles,* &c.;—here follows the enumeration of the elements that make up this 'vastness.'

1402. *which vies in air,* &c.;—Michael Angelo said of his plan for the dome, that it 'would raise the Pantheon in the air.'

1404. *and this the clouds must claim;*—'while this dome belongs to the sky;' lit. 'the clouds have a right to claim it as their own.'

1406. *To separate contemplation;*—'so as to contemplate the parts separately'; 'to' = 'with a view to,' and 'separate' is an adjective, not a verb.

1408. *ask the eye;*—'invite notice.'

1408. *condense thy soul*, &c.;—'concentrate your attention on objects closer at hand.'

1410. *got by heart*;—'mastered,' 'become familiar with.'

1411. *eloquent*;—'impressive.'

unroll;—the metaphor is from a scroll; 'allow to manifest itself by degrees.'

1412. *In mighty graduations*;—'in stages of development, each of which is a mighty process.'

1413. *upon thee did not dart*;—'did not come home to thee.'

1414. *Our outward sense*, &c.;—'our organs of sense only take in things gradually'; cp. 2. 451.

1415. *as it is That*;—'as it is the case that'; the meaning of what follows is—'just as our power of expression fails us, when we wish to put into words our deepest feelings; so our senses are unable at first to realise this building in its full extent.'

1419. *Fools our fond gaze*;—'fools' = 'imposes on'; 'fond' = 'foolishly aspiring,' cp. 1. 78.

and greatest of the great;—'and [being the] greatest of the great.'

1426. *The worship*;—here used for 'that which incites to worship.'

1428. *former time, nor skill, nor thought*;—an instance of the omission of the first of two or more negatives; cp. Gray, Bard, 1. 1. 5:

'Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail.'

1429. *displays*;—*sc.* in this building.

1430. *thence may draw*, &c.;—'from the depth of the fountain the mind of man is able to draw forth the golden sands which lie there'; *i. e.* 'from this sublime building men can draw the precious lessons which it teaches.'

1431. *can*;—'are able to effect.'

1433. *Laocoön's torture dignifying pain*;—'see pain invested with dignity in the statue of the suffering Laocoon.' The story of Laocoon, the crisis of which is represented in the famous group in the Vatican, is best known from Virg. Aen. 2. 201 foll. He opposed the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy, and hurled a lance against its side; and in punishment for this act of sacrilege two serpents were sent against him, which crushed him and his two sons to death.

1437. *deepening*;—'closing in.'

1438. *the long envenom'd chain*, &c.;—'the long venomous serpent tightens its wreaths, like the links of a chain.'

1440. *Enforces pang on pang*;—'causes one pang to be followed by another yet more severe.'

1441. *the Lord of the unerring bow*;—the Apollo Belvedere.

1443. *and brow*;—'and [with his] brow'; on the *zeugma* which this involves, see Essay on Style, 3. *f.*, p. 41.

1445. *bright*, &c.;—as if the vengeance of the god gave it an un-earthly brightness as it sped through the air.

1449. *Developing*;—'making manifest'; cp. l. 289.

1450. *a dream of Love, Shaped*, &c.;—'which is like a dream of Love, conceived, &c.

1453. *are exprest All*;—'all,' when used in this way, is ordinarily sing.; here plur., for 'all things'; for other instances of irregular concord, see Essay on Style, 3. *e.*, p. 41.

1456. *a heavenly guest*;—'a visitant from heaven.'

1459. *if it be*;—'if it be true that.'

1460. *The fire which we endure*;—'the life, or higher nature, which is the source of our pain.' According to one version of the story of Prometheus, he created men of clay, and gave them life by means of the fire which he brought from heaven.

it was repaid, &c.—Prometheus formed a man, and endued him with fire stolen from heaven; the sculptor of the Apollo formed a statue of a god, and quickened it as it were with fire—'the flame with which 'twas wrought,' l. 1467.

1464. *not of human thought*;—'a superhuman conception.'

1465. *hallow'd it*:—'treated it as sacred.'

1467. *breathes*, &c.;—'is still instinct with the inspiration which created it.'

1469. *The being who upheld it through the past*;—'the personage on whom the poem turned—who was its central figure—in the earlier cantos'

1470. *he cometh late and tarries long*;—'he is late in making his appearance after a long absence.' Childe Harold, whose 'Pilgrimage' is the subject of the poem, has not been mentioned since the middle (l. 495) of Canto 3.

1472. *done*;—'are ended.'

his visions ebbing fast;—'the scenes of which he was witness are rapidly drawing to a close.'

1475. *let that pass*;—cp. l. 1197. This is Byron's formula for declining to recall the past; here he declines to reopen the question how far Harold is to be identified with himself.

1476. *Destruction's mass*;—'the chaos of the all-absorbing Past'; cp. l. 936, 'the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind.' 'Destruction' here = 'oblivion.'

1477. *Which gathers*, &c.;—'Oblivion, which wraps in its shroud of death everything, whether unreal (like Childe Harold), or real (like the poet himself), whether life, or the circumstances of life.' 'All that we inherit' = 'all to which flesh and blood is heir.'

1479. *And spreads*, &c.;—'and spreads the all-enveloping veil of obscurity, through the medium of which all things assume a shadowy aspect.'

1480. *and the cloud*, &c. ;—'the cloud descends between the spectator and all that was great and good in former ages.'

1483. *A melancholy halo*;—the idea throughout is that of the last glimmer of sunset.

1485. *they distract the gaze*, &c. ;—'they withdraw the eye from its immediate surroundings (the present life), and suggest speculations as to the regions beyond the sunset (the state after death).'

1489. *Its wretched essence*;—'its present wretched existence in a bodily form': 'something less' is 'dust and ashes.'

1490. *wipe the dust*, &c. ;—'clear from aspersions our name, the sound of which will never reach our ears after death.'

1494. *fardels of the heart*;—*sc.* the troubles of life. 'Fardel' (Fr. *fardeau*) = 'burden'; cp. Hamlet, 3. 1. 76:

'— who would *fardels* bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life.'

1495. From the thought of death the poet passes to the death of the Princess Charlotte, which happened when he was at Venice. No other event during the present century has caused so great a shock to public feeling in England; and Byron himself, as we learn from his letters, was deeply moved by it. She was the only daughter of George IV, who at that time was Prince Regent, and consequently she was Heiress Presumptive to the British crown. She was virtuous, accomplished, large-hearted, and sympathetic, and the hopes of the nation were fixed upon her, as one who might inaugurate an era of prosperity. On May 16, 1816, she married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards king of the Belgians), and on Nov. 6, 1817, she died in childbirth.

„ *forth from the abyss*;—the abyss spoken of in l. 1486.

1499. *yawns*;—the poet opens the 'abyss' for us, that we may catch a glimpse of her who has lately descended thither.

1503. *yields no relief*;—'affords no sustenance.'

1506. *Could not the grave forget thee*;—'could not death pass by thee?'

1509. *The mother of a moment*;—the child was still-born, or died immediately after birth.

1510. *Death hush'd that pang*;—'the mother's sorrow for the loss of the infant was terminated by death.'

1513. *Can it be*;—*i. e.* 'is it possible that we have lost thee?'

1516. *Freedom's heart*, &c. ;—'Freedom, who had become despondent, will put aside from her heart her numerous causes of distress, in order to grieve for thee alone.' 'To hoard grief,' is 'to cherish, nurse it.'

1517. *pour'd Her orisons*;—'offered her prayers.'

1519. *her Iris*;—the rainbow, as connected with the promise after the Flood, has become the token of hope; cp. ll. 642, 3.

1523. *Thy bridal's fruit is ashes*;—the reference apparently is to the Dead Sea fruit, which has been mentioned in 3. 303.

1526. *though it must*, &c.;—'it' is 'futurity'; 'though when that time comes we shall lie in the darkness of the tomb, yet we fondly deemed.'

1530. *Like stars to shepherd's eyes*;—cp. Hom. Il. 8. 559:

πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.

a meteor;—'a shooting-star,' 'a passing illumination.'

1532. *reek of popular breath*;—cp. Shakspere, Coriolanus, 3. 3. 122.

'You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As *reek* o' the rotten fens.'

1534. *hath rung Its knell*;—'has given fatal advice'; lit. 'sounded a note which is full of doom.'

1537. *tumbles*;—'overthrows'; cp. 1. 541.

1542. *without a foe*;—'without making an enemy.'

1545. *From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast*;—a very bad line.

1546. *electric*;—with special reference to the communication of the 'shock' immediately following; cp. l. 207.

1548. *that none could love thee best*;—all loved her equally, and all to the utmost.

1549. *Lo, Nemi*;—The poet desires to conclude with a view of the sea, and therefore makes an excuse for conducting the reader to the summit of the Alban Hills, from which it is visible. These hills are a volcanic group, which rise out of the Campagna of Rome, and are separate from all the neighbouring mountains. The highest point (now Monte Cavo) is more than 3000 feet above the sea, and consequently a commanding position. Two of the extinct craters are occupied by lakes, *viz.* the Lake of Nemi, so called from its 'woody hills' (*Nemus Aricinum*), and the neighbouring Alban Lake ('Albano's scarce divided waves').

navell'd;—'set like a navel,' 'embedded,' 'enshrined': the navel has often been taken as an emblem of anything central or enclosed; thus Delphi was spoken of by the Greeks as the navel of the earth, *e.g.* Soph. Oed. Tyr. 898, γᾶς ἐπ' ὀμφαλόν.

1553. *reluctant spares*;—'is forced to spare,' *i.e.* the lake escapes owing to its position, not from any abatement of the violence of the wind.

1555. *calm as cherish'd hate*;—this comparison, and that of the coiled snake which follows, though at first sight they appear ill-suited to a beautiful object, in reality correspond exactly to the repellent stillness and steel-blue colour of deep-sunk lakes.

1557. *coil'd into itself*;—this comparison gains force from the lake

having no natural outlet. Observe how a feature which belongs to the simile is here attributed to that to which it is compared, and cp. l. 669.

1561. *The Latian coast*, &c.;—'the coast of Latium, on which was commenced the war celebrated by Virgil in his epic poem "Arms and the man" (*Arma virumque cano*)—the man, Aeneas, the star of whose fortunes, rising again after the overthrow of Troy, ushered in the empire of Rome.'

1563. *beneath thy right*, &c.;—Tusculum (Frascati)—'where Cicero retired to his villa from the fatigues of Rome'—being N. of the Alban summit, is on the spectator's right hand as he faces the sea.

1564. *where yon bar*, &c.;—the mountains about Tibur (Tivoli) exclude from view that part of the Sabine country in which Horace's farm lay.

1566. *the weary bard's delight*;—cp. Hor. Epist. 1. 14. 1, 'mihi me reddentis agelli,' and 1. 18. 104.

1567. *My Pilgrim's shrine is won*;—Childe Harold has reached the term of his wanderings.

1571. *breaks on him and me*;—'breaks on our view.'

1574. *Beheld it last*, &c.;—'Calpe's rock' is Gibraltar; cp. 2. 190. 'Last' must refer to Byron's first view of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar on his first journey, though he had often seen it since; but that was the last occasion on which he and Childe Harold together had caught sight of it, as he supposes them to be doing now from the Alban Mount.

1576. *the blue Symplegades*;—the Symplegades were two small islands, which stood at the entrance of the Black Sea from the Bosphorus, one near the European, the other near the Asiatic shore. 'Blue' is a translation of their other classical name, Κυανέαι.

1583. *from earth, sea*;—on the peculiar omission of the conjunction see Essay on Style, 2. *f*., p. 39.

1588. *but only her*;—'but' prefixed to 'only' is pleonastic; cp. l. 4 of the Dedication of Cantos 1 and 2.

1591. *such a being*;—Byron's own idea of such a being is the Witch of the Alps in Manfred, 2. 2.

1598. *I love not Man the less*;—cp. 3. 653.

1599. *I steal*;—'I withdraw myself.'

1600. *all I may be*;—'all that I am, whatever that may be'; 'all my present condition of thought, of whatsoever kind.'

1601. *To mingle with the Universe*;—cp. 3. 686–8, and for the next line cp. 3. 913.

1605. *marks the earth with ruin*;—'leaves upon the earth the traces of the ruin which he causes.'

1606. *upon the watery plain*, &c.;—'the watery plain' is contrasted with the plain of earth; 'the wrecks' with the ruin caused by man.

1608. *save his own*;—*sc.* 'destruction,' this being supplied from 'ravage.'

1611. *unknell'd*, &c.;—this cumulation of negative words recalls Shakspere's 'unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,' Hamlet, 1. 5. 77.

161[illegible] *steps*;—'footprints.'

1616. *to the skies*;—Ps. 107. 26, 'They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep.'

1617. *And send'st him*, &c.;—'and causest him to call for aid on his gods, whose shrine, a feeble source of confidence, stands maybe in some neighbouring harbour'; 'where lies his hope' = 'wheresoever that on which his hope reposes is situated.'

playful;—an *unsympathetic* epithet; cp. l. 108, 'reckless gales.'

1620. *again*;—'in contrast to 'to the skies' (l. 1616).

lay;—'lay' for 'lie' is a common provincialism in English, but it is not, like many provincialisms, etymologically correct; nor is it found in writers of good authority; it is therefore indefensible. Had Byron known how much adverse criticism this word would bring upon him, he would hardly have used it.

1621. *thunderstrike*;—'strike with thunder,' *i. e.* 'cannonade.' The verb is rare; the participle 'thunderstricken' is found in l. 784, 'thunderstruck' is common enough.

1624. *whose huge ribs make*;—'which, with their huge ribs, make.'

1625. *Their clay creator*;—'man, who constructed them, himself being made of clay.'

1626. *lord of thee*;—'ruler of the sea.'

1627. *as the snowy flake*;—'leaving as little trace as the flake of snow which melts on the water.'

1628. *yeast of waves*;—'seething, foaming waves'; lit. 'fermenting like yeast.' Cp. Macbeth, 4. 1. 53, 'the yesty waves.'

1629. *or spoils of Trafalgar*;—'or' here = 'and'; 'spoils of Trafalgar' refers to the captured vessels, which were lost in the gale that followed the battle.

1630. *save thee*;—'except in having thee for their boundary.'

1632. *washed them power*;—'brought them power by means of commerce.' This line by an error was originally printed 'Thy waters wasted them while, &c.'; see Moore's Life, p. 391.

1633. *And many a tyrant since*;—'and washed them (*i. e.* brought them from abroad) many a tyrant since.'

obey;—'are in the possession of.'

1634. *their decay*, &c.;—'by the decay of these empires fertile regions have been changed into parched deserts.'

1635. *not so thou*;—'far different is the case with thee.'

1636. *save to*;—'except in respect of.'

1639. *the Almighty's form*, &c.;—*i. e.* 'the presence of God reveals itself in the awfulness of the tempestuous sea.' 'Glasses' = 'reflects'; cp. 3. 117.

1640. *in all time*;—this goes with what follows in l. 1643—'for ever boundless, &c.'

1642. *icing the pole*;—'whether frozen round the pole.'

1643. *boundless, endless*;—the difference is, that 'boundless' means 'enclosed by no boundaries,' 'endless' means 'ever flowing on.'

1656. *as I do here*;—the point of view is no longer the Alban Mount, where the address to the Ocean was commenced; the poet now supposes himself to be sailing on the sea.

1658. *has died into an echo*;—'has faded away into the unreal world.'

1659. *The spell should break*, &c.;—'that this fictitious narrative should come to an end': the dream continues as long as the dreamer is bound by the spell.

1660. *The torch*, &c.;—*i. e.* 'the subject of my studious meditation.'

1661. *what is writ, is writ*;—'I shall not recall what I have written'; this was the meaning of Pilate's saying.

1663. *my visions flit*, &c.;—'my power of imagination is less intense.'

1665. *fluttering, faint, and low*;—the metaphor is from a dying flame.

1666. *must be, and hath been*;—'must be uttered, and has often been uttered.'

1670. *swell*;—'rise with a full tone.'

1672. *sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell*;—pilgrims' emblems. 'Shoon' is an archaism introduced in connexion with the Pilgrim.

ADDENDUM

Canto IV, l. 119:—Pantaloon is in reality a corruption of Panteleëmon (*Παντελεήμων*), the name of the 'all-compassionate' physician saint of the Greek Church, who visited the poor and took no fees (*ἀνάργυρος*).

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